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THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE QUEEN'S Speech was in one way a very agreeable disappointment, for although, if possible, more confused and incoherent than usual, it had the great merit of promising plenty of work. The Cabinet have evidently been animated by a reaction from that indolence of despondency to which Mr. BRIGHT a short time ago confessed he was becoming a prey. Far from thinking one omnibus enough to get through Temple Bar at a time, they are bent on starting half a dozen, and on filling up the interstices with all the carts and "crawlers" they can get hold of. There is scarcely any department of legislation in which some improvement is not to be attempted. The Irish Land Bill was of course the most prominent, and its contents are already so far foreshadowed that it has been announced that the acquisition of land, as well as its occupation, is to be considered in the scheme. If the roundabout and tortuous phraseology of a Queen's Speech meant anything it would also be natural to anticipate that some special advantages are to be given to the Irish agricultural labourer, as he certainly belongs to one of the classes that make up the bulk of the Irish population. Education followed, and Lord HARTINGTON is to take the necessary steps that are considered properly preliminary to the introduction of the Ballot. The abolition of University tests was introduced under the quaint shape of a measure to make the Universities more respected, which to most Heads of Houses will seem like adding insult to injury. Heaps of minor measures were also described as part of the work of the coming Session; and although it was expected that the Government would take up some of these, it was impossible to anticipate that it would encumber itself with so many. A Bill to facilitate the transfer of land would be an excellent thing if it were a good measure, and if there were time to carry it, but it will inevitably provoke a large amount of discussion. The adoption of Mr. LOCKE KING'S Bill for dealing with real in the same way as with personal property in cases of intestate succession is, we presume, the first step taken towards realizing what Mr. BRIGHT has termed "free land." The change has much to recommend it if we look at it from the point of view of theoretical jurisprudence; but it is obvious that "free land" would work very considerable changes in the social system of England, and that much time must be spent in discussing such a Bill before it could be passed. Perhaps it may be guessed that these Bills relating to English land are not omnibuses that are even meant to get as far as Temple Bar, and that they are only just brought out to show that the proprietors have them in stock. They will form a sort of pendant to the Irish Land Bill, and will be got out of the way when the general views of the Government as to landed property have been sufficiently explained. That the Government consciously uses them as mere indications of something that may be taken up another year, is not to be imputed; but it is impossible to see how the Session can be long enough for all the Government Bills, and these are the kind of Bills which are the most easily sacrificed. The system of licensing, and that of local rating, are also to be reviewed and changed—most properly if time suffices, and if Mr. BRUCE knows more about public-houses than he knows about cabs. The Naturalization Laws may probably be dealt with, and a satisfactory change instituted without much difference of opinion being elicited; but the constitution of a Supreme Court of Appeal is a real apple of discord. No two eminent lawyers agree as to the principles on which it should be constituted or the method on which it is to act, and whatever is proposed is sure to excite a vast amount of jealousy, and to make it apparent how great are the difficulties of arriving at a result that will be generally acceptable.

If only the Lords would help us, and would early in the Session discuss and pass a fair share of the Bills to be submitted to Parliament, the prospect of the end of the Session seeing the promises of the QUEEN'S Speech realized would be much brighter. But after the dismal experience of last Session it cannot be thought safe to let any measure begin in the Lords which introduces any change distasteful to the Conservative peers. Possibly the Naturalization Bill this year may take the place of the Habitual Criminals Bill last year, and may be the solitary instance of a Bill that the Lords can be safely and properly set to work on. Lord CAIRNS has also spoken with encouragement and approval of the proposal to bring in a Bill for facilitating the transfer of land, and, as he truly said, no people are so much interested in having the transfer of land facilitated as those who own it largely. This measure might, therefore, naturally seem a very proper one to start in the Lords; but it will be almost necessarily regarded as part of the general system of dealing with land that finds favour in the eyes of the present Government, and it will be natural for the Peers to associate it not only with the Bill abolishing primogeniture in cases of intestacy, but also with the Irish Land Bill. Thus the unfortunate little Bill for facilitating the transfer of land might be rejected by the Peers or amended in their peculiar fashion, not because it was a bad Bill, but because there would be a comfort in putting an end to a Bill associated with other bigger and more dangerous Bills. The scheme for remodelling the final Court of Appeal might also, it would seem, be appropriately introduced in an assembly which contains so many persons accustomed to act as appellate judges; but, on the other hand, the legal members of the House of Lords are very tenacious of the privileges of the Peers, and might consider their own consequence and dignity attacked by the proposed change. They would also be certain to differ absolutely as to every part and detail of the proposal. The Ministry will probably be forced from the sheer pressure of want of time to start some of these Bills in the Lords; but to start them there is almost equivalent to saying that all they aim at is getting the subject-matter of these Bills talked about a little this year, and then the Bills must stand over. The House of Lords is not a responsible assembly when it has Bills introduced in it early in the Session. It only talks about them pleasantly, and amuses itself with altering and cutting them up. It is only when a Bill is sent up from the Commons that the Lords begin to feel responsibility, and own that they would have to account to the country for a measure approved by the Commons being brought to nought. And if it is generally difficult for the Peers to do any good with Bills originated in their House early in the Session, it will be more difficult than ever this year, now that unfortunately they are to be deprived of the assistance and guidance of Lord CAIRNS until after Easter. His opinion would have carried great weight on subjects so peculiarly his own as the constitution of a Court of Appeal, and the facilitation of the transfer of land. He would not only have brought the weight of his legal experience and reputation to bear, but he would, so far as he agreed with the CHANCELLOR, have been able to set bounds to the discursive and ingenious extravagances with which the subtlety or private pique of other Law Lords may endeavour to bewilder the House. When returning spring brings back, as we sincerely trust it may do, new health and spirits to Lord CAIRNS, he will have the satisfaction of finding how greatly he is wanted. Illness, too, threatens to rob for a time the other House of one of its most eminent members, and men of all parties will feel how serious a loss it is that measures such as the Irish Land Bill, which owe in so large a degree their origin to Mr. BRIGHT, should be discussed in his absence.

The pleasant state of our relations with all foreign Powers, including practically, it may almost be said, the United States, rendered it unnecessary that the QUEEN'S Speech should touch on any other than domestic politics. The colonies too were despatched with a few brief words, and Lord GRANVILLE very justly said that he considered it quite out of place to say something fine about the colonies in order to touch the hearts of the colonial public, or to make the QUEEN assert that she did not wish her Empire to grow less. Some things, harmless in their way, must be left out in a Queen's Speech that announces a dozen Government measures. Nor is it to be regretted that no notice was taken of the prevailing distress; for, in the first place, it is doubtful how much distress prevails, how far it is likely to yield before improving trade, and how far it may not be caused either by the altered habits of the poor or by mistakes in economy and trade which nothing but a bitter experience can rectify. And then, if the Government has really made up its mind that no extraordinary aid from the State ought to be given, it would have been cruel to use any words that could have excited a delusive hope. To be wise in legislation is the best service Parliament can do to the poor, and to be wise in the legislation that directly affects the poor is no easy matter. A Bill, for example, is to be brought in, giving, apparently, some new sort of legal recognition to Trade-Unions, and this, as well as the great question how and by whom the children of the poor are to be educated, will suggest difficulties enough for one Session. On looking over the list of Ministerial proposals, it is impossible not to be struck with the number of anticipated measures which, although seemingly of a minor kind, yet suggest most important and difficult questions. The life of every poor man in large towns may be immediately affected by the decisions as to which Parliament arrives as to the licensing system and local rating, and to arrive at decisions on these subjects involves a previous decision on points so recondite as the proper limits of State interference, and the adjustment of general and local taxation. Difficult, however, as the other tasks may be which the Government has set itself, they are all easy by the side of its one great difficulty—the government of Ireland. The language referring to the efforts, the sorrows, the hopes, and the disappointments of the Cabinet in their most ineffectual attempt to keep order in Ireland was, as Lord CAIRNS said, a most curious piece of patchwork. The framers of the Speech were evidently distracted between the perception of the obvious fact that things are going on most deplorably in Ireland, and the feeling that abstractedly it is impossible things should go on badly anywhere under such a clever and well-meaning Government. It is something, however, that a public avowal has been made that the state of Ireland is very serious, and that the Ministry is pledged, if disorder continues, to put it down firmly and sternly. Mr. GLADSTONE even showed that he had learnt to face the possibility that he would have to lay his Land measure aside for a time, in order to restore order in Ireland; and although every one in England must sincerely hope that it may not be necessary to resort to so extreme a course, yet it is satisfactory to be assured that the PRIME MINISTER is not going on from day to day merely shutting his eyes to the reality of things, and that, if the worst comes, he will not shrink from his duty.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

THE debate on the Address tends every year more and more to become a mere conversation, or rather a ceremony. As Lord GRANVILLE justly said in answer to a complaint of the omission of colonial subjects, the Speech from the Throne was neither short nor deficient in matter; and yet the leaders of the Opposition confined themselves to a topic which would have been equally important if it had not been mentioned by the Government. Two or three years ago the French Legislative Body was in the habit of discussing the Address for the first month of the Session because there was scarcely another opportunity of engaging in political debate. In England it would be a waste of time to criticize a table of contents when every chapter and paragraph of the book will afterwards be analyzed in detail. It is true that even in the compilation of an index there are degrees of skill, and Mr. GLADSTONE has succeeded in degrading the style of Queen's Speeches even below the humble level which had contented his predecessors; but Parliament is not a literary tribunal, and a good Irish Land Bill, if such a measure is possible, will be gladly accepted although it may have been announced in the feeblest and baldest of jargons. It seems probable that Lord CAIRNS and Mr. Dis-

RAELI concerted their comments on the Address with the deliberate purpose of leaving themselves and the party to deal with proposed legislation as circumstances may suggest. In former times dozens of indignant members of either House would have resented the caution of leaders who allowed a Ministry to tamper with the law of inheritance of real property without interposing a peremptory protest; but the friends of ancient institutions in both parties are accustomed to innovation, and they are conscious of weakness. Lord CAIRNS satisfied himself with a passing notice of the slipshod language of a paragraph which apparently assumed that succession to land was not at present regulated by law, and that the acquisition of land depended on legal rather than on economical considerations. Landowners probably anticipate little advantage to themselves from an extension of the incidence of rating, which is more likely to be effected at their expense than by the taxation of personalty. The abolition of University tests is unpalatable to many members of the Opposition, and probably to the majority of the peers; and the Education Bill, whatever may be its provisions, can scarcely fail to produce a contest. If Mr. DISRAELI had been stronger in the number of his followers he would probably have raised their spirits, and afforded some indication of his own policy, by promoting a preliminary skirmish; but having, like a spend-thrift, anticipated and exhausted his resources during two years' enjoyment of office, he is at present compelled to console himself by censuring the administrative shortcomings of the Government, while he solemnly reserves his judgment on impending projects of legislation. Although the extreme acuteness of Mr. NEWDEGATE discerns the existence of a conspiracy between the Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. DISRAELI's reticence may be explained without resorting to the dark intrigues of Jesuits against Protestantism. The most practised chairman of public dinners could not speak more gravely of the happiest day of his life, and of his deep interest in the particular occasion, than Mr. DISRAELI when he announced his intention of not moving an amendment to the Address. He would indeed have maintained silence if the framers of the Speech had not provoked comment by their reference to Irish outrages; yet it would have been difficult to satisfy an opponent who attributed to the default of the Government the miserable condition of Irish society. If the anarchy which prevails had been denied, it would have been necessary to expose the falsehood of the statement; and the Ministers could scarcely have been expected to confess that they were themselves to blame for connivance or negligence. But for Mr. DISRAELI's love of conventional forms, it was unnecessary to apologize for the mention of the most urgent of existing dangers.

Lord CAIRNS, though he is perhaps, as Lord GRANVILLE said, not light enough in his touch for a party leader, produced a strong impression by his enumeration of outrages, and by his quotations from the unprincipled speeches which have been delivered at elections and public meetings. His statistics have since been questioned by critics who are apparently better acquainted than himself with the recent details of Irish crime. It seems that the actual murders during the last year have not been extraordinarily numerous, although nearly every reader of the papers has for many months turned with disgust and alarm from the column which records Irish news. The gentleman who walks up and down a sheltered passage with policemen at his side, the ladies who were prevented from going from his house to a ball because their lives were threatened, the surveyors who are afraid to survey, the process-server who serves no processes—all these have not been murdered, though their lives are rendered worthless or useless by the imminent risk of murder. There are theorists who think that messages of peace to Ireland have proved effectual because it has been enough in many cases for the assassin to keep his hand on the trigger. A fatal shot would be objectionable, because it would be recorded in statistical returns under the head of murder. Even the punctual payment of rents, which was mentioned in proof of the peaceable condition of the country, will unfortunately admit of a double interpretation. The occupiers who have been persuaded by sycophantic orators that they are to become the owners of the land which they till may naturally make extraordinary efforts to secure themselves against the intermediate risk of eviction for non-payment of rent. It is not when the show is approaching that the curious spectator will be careless in paying for the stand from which he is to see the procession. Even if every detail which Lord CAIRNS mentioned had been open to contradiction, the general substance of his statement and of his argument would nevertheless have produced a true impression. Ireland is in the

miserable condition which he described, although there appears to have been some mistake in his figures.

Lord GRANVILLE's answer amounted virtually to a declaration that the Government was unable to apply a remedy. It is true that there is extreme difficulty in dealing with a conspiracy which attracts by sympathy or compels by terror the inhabitants of entire districts into complicity with crime. The English tradition of regard for law, and of tenderness to crimes which partake in any degree of a political character, forms an additional impediment to the repression of outrage; yet it is necessary to hold the Executive Government responsible for the performance of its primary function, and it is not the business of political opponents or of private persons to make the suggestions which Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE invited from a body of county magistrates, and Lord GRANVILLE from Lord CAIRNS. Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps be justified in thinking that disaffection can only be permanently diminished by the results of remedial legislation; and the theory which he borrows from Mr. FORSTER, that Fenian agitation is produced by the convulsions of despair, is a theory like another, good enough for a sympathizing audience, and possibly not devoid of a fractional amount of truth. There was much point in Mr. DISRAELI's reply that, if hopelessness of improvement tended to pacify Ireland, something might be said for the abandoned policy of inaction. No statesman, except when he has a speech to make, troubles himself seriously with imaginary causes of Irish crime when he can more profitably occupy himself in devising remedies. The overthrow of the Irish Church, though the measure was just and expedient, necessarily encouraged disaffection for the time; and Mr. GLADSTONE's Upas-tree speech, which was neither just nor expedient, has had something to do with the mischievous results which have followed; but the speech has long been spoken and the Church is destroyed. It only remains to satisfy any legitimate want which may exist in Ireland, and above all things to protect life and property, and if possible to visit crime with exemplary punishment. Mr. GLADSTONE repudiated Mr. DISRAELI's far-fetched inference from one of the passages of the Speech, to the effect that measures of coercion would not be adopted unless the Irish Land Bill was passed; but he also complimented Mr. DISRAELI on account of his abstinence from urging the assumption by the Government of extraordinary powers. It is much to be wished that Ministers and members of Parliament would clear their minds of cant. It is perhaps true that anybody could govern Ireland were the Habeas Corpus suspended; but the proposition ceases to be merely ironical when it appears that no one can govern Ireland without suspending it. If the suppression of murder is incompatible with the Constitution, some deviation from constitutional regularity would seem to be necessary.

In both Houses the extravagant language which has been used by the flatterers of the Irish populace received merited censure. Mr. DISRAELI remarked, with peculiar felicity, that the defeat of Mr. HERON by O'DONOVAN ROSSA represents the preference of the people for real Fenianism over a sham imitation. Mr. GLADSTONE of course declined to be responsible for the language of a mere political adherent, who has for four or five years ceased to be law adviser to the Irish Government. He was also not bound by the promises of Sir JOHN GRAY or of Mr. GREVILLE NUGENT to the greedy aspirants who are grasping at the property of their landlords; but no answer was given to the just complaint of the conduct of the Government in not dismissing Lord GRANARD from the Lieutenantancy of his county. Mr. MADDEN was not improperly dismissed from the magistracy and from the office of Deputy-Lieutenant, because he answered an official communication of his appointment as High Sheriff by an attack on the conduct of the Government which would have been equally inappropriate to the occasion if it had been demonstrably just; yet there was no reason to doubt that Mr. MADDEN was a loyal subject and a supporter of peace and order. Lord GRANARD, presiding at a meeting on a spot which had acquired an unhappy notoriety in the Irish rebellion, told a disaffected audience that the scene of the slaughter of Englishmen and Protestants was classic ground. It was a secondary offence to pander to the cupidity of the peasantry by advocating fixity of tenure, or, in other words, the transfer of the fee simple of the land to the present occupiers; yet, if Lord GRANARD chooses to give away his own estate, he has no moral right to unsettle the proprietary rights of his neighbours. The reference to Vinegar Hill ought to have been followed by the removal of Lord GRANARD from the Lieutenantancy; and Lord GRANVILLE could scarcely have spoken seriously when he complained that Lord CAIRNS had attacked

the offender in his absence. The conduct of a nobleman who holds a responsible office is a proper subject for Parliamentary comment, and in the particular instance no defence could have altered the merits of the case, unless the language attributed to Lord GRANARD has been inaccurately reported. Both Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE professed to think it a matter of congratulation that the leaders of the Opposition had been unable or unwilling to make a direct attack on their policy. The Ministers are probably well aware that the task which awaits them is arduous, although they may perhaps have cause for regarding it as hopeful. The only subject which was discussed during the debate on the Address scarcely admitted of difference of opinion.

THE DISTURBANCES IN PARIS.

IT seems clear that, however willing the Paris democrats may have been to accept M. ROCHEFORT as their representative in the Corps Législatif, they are not at all disposed to regard him as their leader in battle. Perhaps M. ROCHEFORT's physical disqualifications for the post have had some share in bringing about this result. His preference for speech over action, and still more for the pen over the sword, is obviously not a recommendation for a revolutionary chief. Perhaps, also, his appearances in the Corps Législatif have not altogether come up to the expectations of those who sent him there. He has been reduced, as a rule, to play second fiddle to M. GAMBETTA, and considering that the more advanced electors of the First Circumscription look upon M. GAMBETTA as something not much better than a renegade, this is obviously not a position worthy of M. ROCHEFORT's antecedents. It is only fair to say, however, that when he last appeared in the tribune his demeanour was by no means wanting in dignity. The majority in the Chamber seems to have treated him with gross rudeness, and to have been wholly blind to the handle it was giving its enemies by resorting to interruptions alike ill-natured and ill-bred. M. ROCHEFORT, who had risen to ask a perfectly legitimate question of the MINISTER OF WAR, maintained his ground with imperturbable patience, and at last succeeded in gaining the ear, or at all events in wearying the throats, of the Corps Législatif. It is possible that his purpose was sufficiently answered in being able to say that his defence of two soldiers punished for having political opinions was the immediate prelude, if not the proximate cause, of his consignment to prison.

Whether the inaction of the revolutionary party in Paris during the past week was due to dissatisfaction with M. ROCHEFORT or to a conviction that the time for insurrection has not yet come, there seems to be no question as to the fact that they did nothing. If the accounts given in the papers which support the cause of order may be over-sanguine on this point, we have at all events an unimpeachable witness in the person of M. GUSTAVE FLOURENS. The account of Monday night's proceedings which this ardent young gentleman has sent to the *Réforme*—the *Marseillaise*, it seems, no longer exists to be the vehicle of similar communications—makes it certain that the rioters were acting without concert or preparation, and that their numbers were throughout extremely insignificant. After M. DE FLOURENS had proclaimed the revolution and summoned Paris to arms, he left the hall which had witnessed this exciting throw-off, and went down into the street with the Commissary of the Police whom he had taken prisoner. "The crowd sang the *Chant du Départ*," and M. DE FLOURENS shouted "To Belleville." A hundred "gallant young fellows" followed, but, either from fatigue or want of faith, they soon fell to sixty. At the barracks in the Faubourg du Temple, M. DE FLOURENS met a sergeant and three soldiers. "He spoke to them in a friendly manner, but these 'slaves of discipline brought down their bayonets to the charge, and threatened to fire.'" By this time the sixty had dispersed to erect barricades, and M. DE FLOURENS was left almost alone. His conduct under these trying circumstances displayed some practical sagacity. Though he could not overthrow the Government, he could put out the lamps, and this he at once set about doing. The intentions of these insurgents had this characteristic of innocence—that they had not provided themselves with arms, and M. DE FLOURENS' raid upon the gas was interrupted by an expedition to the Belleville theatre in search of some "property" muskets. The only result of this attempt was that M. DE FLOURENS lost his own revolver, and with it, it may at least be suspected, his temporary authority over his companions. To avoid a detachment of police, M. DE FLOURENS had to take refuge in a workman's room, from the window of which he saw the Municipal Guard "marching 'silently in the dark to massacre their unarmed brothers and

"sons." When these assassins had passed, M. DE FLOURENS came down again to the street to behold the police destroying the barricades which had been set up an hour before. "There was nothing more to be done," so he went to the house of a friend, from whence, it is reported, he has since made his way across the frontier. He left behind him, however, other equally excitable spirits, and the disturbances were renewed on about the same scale on the two following nights. By Thursday tranquillity seems to have been restored.

There is some danger that too confident inferences may be drawn from the failure of this foolish outbreak. It would not be easy, indeed, to underrate its importance taken by itself. Considering how many persons there must always be in a great capital to whom a disturbance of public order is an agreeable excitement, as well as an opportunity for making a few dishonest pence, it is only wonderful if M. ROCHEFORT's arrest, together with the subsequent heroism of M. GUSTAVE DE FLOURENS, did not produce some more notable consequences. As it was, it may be doubted whether the rioters were ever so numerous as that regiment of roughs which used to constitute itself the amateur body-guard of Mr. BEALES and the Reform League. Still the fate of the outbreak would have been more reassuring if its dimensions had not been quite so limited. If any appreciable section of the working-classes, the real strength of the Republican party in France, had taken up arms to release M. ROCHEFORT, it might have been possible to compare them with those that resisted the invitation. In this way an approximate estimate might have been formed as to the extent to which the revolutionary leaders are prepared to have recourse to action. But in this case the whole working population of Paris seems to have remained passive. It is possible, no doubt, to argue that this attitude on their part is a sufficient proof that they have no sympathy with insurrectionary designs, but the safer course in matters like these is to be content with drawing the smallest conclusion which the facts will honestly support. In this case that conclusion is, not that the workmen of Paris are indifferent to the cause of revolution, but that they disapproved of this particular attempt. This exercise of self-control on their part is not necessarily consoling. It may show simply that the Republicans have learned not to expose themselves to no purpose, not that they have ceased to think the establishment of a republic not worth a sacrifice. If this interpretation is the right one, the events of the first three days of this week afford matter for serious consideration. A small, and for the most part unarmed, outbreak has kept the police and the Municipal Guard constantly at work, and very little more would have forced the Government to call out the garrison. With Paris openly in insurrection, the character of the situation might undergo a considerable change. The same prudential considerations which have now led the working-classes to hold aloof altogether might then prompt them to throw their whole strength on the side of the insurgents. And if that should ever prove to be the case, it is some encouragement for them to know that, after all Baron HAUSSMANN'S labours, there are still quarters of Paris in which barricades can be raised without difficulty, and defended with some persistence.

It is hardly possible, we fear, to acquit M. OLLIVIER and his colleagues of having played their game ill. Three days of disturbance and uneasiness is a large price to pay for the privilege of having M. ROCHEFORT under lock and key. We have all along insisted that they were right in prosecuting the Editor of the *Marseillaise*, if they regarded him simply as a unit in a crowd of incendiary journalists. To have made him the one exception to a vigorous assertion of the law against seditious newspapers would have been a decided blunder, but it would not have been nearly so great a blunder as making him the solitary exception to a system of absolute tolerance. When once it was determined that the prosecution of M. ROCHEFORT was to have no successor, it would probably have been wise to have suspended the execution of the sentence until the close of the Session, and then to have found a pretext for remitting it.

IRELAND.

THE opening of Parliament is very quickly to be followed by an explanation of the Ministerial project with regard to Irish land. It was quite right that no time should be lost, for the state of uncertainty and excitement prevailing in Ireland makes every day precious. The Government has, as usual, kept its secret well, and no hint as to the character and scope of the measure was given in the debates on the Address. That the Government was not in any way bound

by the declarations of those who are ordinarily its supporters, but are not connected with it by any official tie, was all that Mr. GLADSTONE claimed to have conceded him. The past history of the Government in regard to Irish land was necessarily therefore made much more of in the debates on the Address than its future course. Mr. GLADSTONE spoke more strongly out of office than he would have done if in office. This is the end at which all these criticisms arrive. He had an impulsive idea that much should be done for Ireland, that wise legislation could do much, that England acted and Englishmen felt in a wrong way towards Ireland, and that a new policy ought to be followed. He expressed his views, which were of a vague and hazy kind, by speaking of the Upas-tree of Protestant ascendancy stretching out its branches into the Church, the Land, and Education; and he promised that, being fond of cutting down trees, he would, if he got a chance, cut down the tree of Protestant ascendancy root and branch. There can be no kind of doubt that the notion of radical wrong, and corresponding radical remedy, then suggested has been among the many causes of the delusions as to what is in store for them which now haunt the minds of the Irish. There was much truth in what Mr. GLADSTONE said; the attitude so often adopted by Irish landlords to Irish tenants, the introduction of the harshnesses of English law into a community with different historical antecedents, the use made of the passion of Irish peasants for squatting and starvation in order to promote the political power of the landlords, have all been closely allied to and bound up with Protestant ascendancy. But when we pass from general metaphors and historical inquiry to investigate what changes in the land laws of Ireland ought to be practically made, we find ourselves dealing with many intricate questions of justice between individuals, and have to regard the claims of the individual who is a landlord as much as the claims of the individual who is a tenant. In short, Mr. GLADSTONE'S metaphor, which had a fair amount of general truth in it, was easily misapplied when it was used by interested persons to forecast a particular measure. In the same way what Mr. GLADSTONE said long ago of the Fenians was perfectly true. It was through the Fenian movement that the attention of England was directed to Ireland, and it was through the attention of England being attracted to Ireland that the Irish Church Bill was passed. Thus it may be said not untruly that Ireland owes the abolition of the Anglican Establishment to the Fenians. In the same way the country owes the new Reform Bill to the Conservatives, and the Conservatives were made alive to the necessity of passing it by Mr. BEALES and the Hyde Park rioters. It is no use ignoring these things. Illegal violence does sometimes bring about changes in which the whole nation contentedly acquiesces. From this the Irish seem inclined to argue that illegal violence will bring about any changes that anybody fancies. This is a complete mistake, and it will have to be proved that it is so. Nothing but a rough experience can show when illegal violence produces indirectly good ends, and when it is simply and wholly mischievous.

But, if the details of the Government scheme have not been disclosed, the difficulties they have found in preparing these details are sufficiently apparent from the eagerness with which they invite the Opposition to agree that it shall not be considered a party measure, and from the language of the QUEEN'S Speech, in which it was said that the probable good effects of the measure would flow from it when it had been matured by the wisdom of Parliament. The first thing that will have to be settled with regard to it by the Opposition is whether it is, in the language of Mr. DISRAELI, a scheme for taking the property of one set of people and giving it to another set of people. If so, they can scarcely avoid regarding it as a party measure. They said the same thing last year as to the Irish Church, and Mr. DISRAELI repeated the allegation this week. When the Irish saw their property taken away from bishops and rectors, the next thing, he said, they would naturally expect would be that their property should be taken from the landlords. Mr. GLADSTONE of course replied that nothing was taken from bishops and rectors, and that what was done was to divert public property to a different public use. But it was on this difference of view that the two political parties in Parliament separated last year. The Irish Church was strictly a party question. The Conservatives made as good a fight on it as they could, and were beaten. It is true that Mr. DISRAELI was by no means factious or vexatious in his opposition. By the ingenious device of taking all the Conservative amendments into his own hands, and then abandoning them, he saved the Government much embarrassment and loss

of time in the Commons; and he and Lord CAIRNS knew when to throw their handful of dust on the fretful opposition and busy excitement of the Lords. But the main principles of the Bill were carried in direct opposition to the Conservative party, its wishes and its efforts. Lord CAIRNS and Mr. DISRAELI have again shown that they will try to keep the enthusiasm and violence of their followers well in hand, and will reserve to themselves the privilege of being moderate and gentle in opposition, if that seems to be the best policy. But the forthcoming Irish Land Bill will be an uncommonly mild scheme if from the outset it is looked at otherwise than as a party measure. If the Conservatives can justify it to themselves and their supporters and their friends here and in Ireland, not to oppose the main principle of the Bill, it must be a proposal very unlike cutting down one of the branches of the Upas-tree of Protestant ascendancy. That the Irish tenants and peasants, in their present state of ignorant excitement, will be disappointed with the measure, is a matter of course, but certainly they will not be the only people who will be disappointed, if the measure from the outset is one in which the Conservative party can see nothing more than some defects of detail.

The result of the Tipperary election was brought on Thursday night to the notice of the House of Commons, and O'DONOVAN ROSSA was declared to have been unduly elected. It must be owned that it is difficult to reconcile the course taken by the House of Commons with the strict rules of constitutional law. These rules may be pedantic and arbitrary, like a great many other rules of English law, but they are the law. It is a received maxim of constitutional law, quite as well established as any such maxim can be, that the House of Commons can expel any of its members for any cause it thinks proper, but that it cannot declare a new cause of ineligibility. It cannot alter the status of a man. It cannot say that such and such a class of persons shall be or shall not be eligible to sit in the House. If it could have done this, it might have admitted the Jews without asking the concurrence of the Lords in any way. That the House should be able to expel an individual elected to it for any reason it thinks fit, may be theoretically wrong or right; but it is an unquestionable privilege of the House. All the cases therefore, like that of SMITH O'BRIEN, which showed on what grounds the House has thought proper to expel a member were irrelevant to show whether a member duly returned could be declared to have been ineligible. WILKES was expelled three or four times for having written a seditious libel, and if the House liked to exercise its privilege so far, it could do so with perfect legality; but at last it went further, and when LUTTRELL stood against WILKES, it declared LUTTRELL, although in a minority, to have been duly returned, because WILKES was ineligible. This was condemned at the time as illegal, and the House of Commons had afterwards to recede from the position it assumed. The only question in strict law as to the Tipperary election was whether, under the existing law, ROSSA was ineligible. The House might of course have expelled him, but the difference would be considerable. If he had only been expelled, and had been returned again, he would have been member until he was again expelled; whereas now, even if he were placed at the head of the poll, a candidate who only got half-a-dozen votes might be returned, and would be returned, if no one, other than ROSSA, got more. It is exceedingly convenient that ROSSA cannot again be returned, but convenience has nothing to do with law. Was he ineligible? It seems hardly conceivable, but the only known source of law on the subject is an extra-judicial remark of Lord COKE's, that attainted felons cannot sit as members of Parliament. The House of Commons have taken upon themselves to decide that the word attainted is here a word of superabundance, and may be left out, and that no felon, whether he is attainted or not, can sit in Parliament. The amendment proposed by Mr. MOORE, even if carried, could have done no good. A Committee could have found out nothing. The question must always have remained whether the House would take on itself to decide that the words attainted felons mean nothing whatever more than felons. The knot was cut by the sword of an overwhelming majority; but there was a knot to cut—a small one, perhaps, and one only interesting to lawyers, but still a knot; and the just conclusion is perhaps that in order to follow the paths of common sense and to do what was practically expedient, the House touched, if it did not transgress, the bounds of illegality.

SEÑOR CASTELAR ON THE BOURBONS.

IF the Spanish nation has hitherto not overcome the difficulties which it has in part created for itself, the intellectual power displayed in the debates of the Cortes augurs well for the future by proving the political capacity of the community. Such speeches as that of Señor RIVERO on accepting office, and of Señor CASTELAR in support of his motion for excluding the Duke of MONTPENSIER from the throne, illustrate the aptitude of the audience within and without the walls of the Legislature, as well as the genius of the speakers. Political eloquence, though it is depreciated by a few English theorists devoted to a Utopia of clerks, has never since the days of ULYSSES been dissociated from vigorous public life. The orator, with his gift of persuasion, succeeds by a natural right of inheritance to the soldier who commands obedience. In Spain, long oppressed by military adventurers, it is well that Parliamentary leaders should contest with the commander of the army the first place in general estimation. The most significant circumstance of the MONTPENSIER debate was the division, in which Señor CASTELAR's motion was rejected by nearly four to one. Marshal PRIM indeed stated that neither in the Cabinet nor in the Cortes was there a majority in favour of any pretender to the throne; but it is evident that, if the candidature of the Duke of MONTPENSIER had been regarded as inadmissible, the Cortes would have welcomed the opportunity of excluding his name from the contest. The various arguments of his chief opponent were of unequal weight; and, although Señor CASTELAR made the gratifying statement that the model proposed to themselves by Spaniards was in all things and constantly England, it may be doubted whether his brilliant declamation would have greatly moved an English assembly. When he contended that the Constitutional Cortes represented the revolution of September 1868, which again embodied the cry of "Down with the BOURBONS," it might have been answered that the revolution was but an appeal to the nation, and that the representatives of the country have an exclusive right to interpret their own mission. If the Duke of MONTPENSIER is a BOURBON, a movement commenced by his steadiest adherent, and aided by his own contributions, can certainly not have been intended to defeat the purposes for which it was originally promoted. In another part of his speech Señor CASTELAR adroitly protested against the complicity with the revolution of a prince who, as he suggested, ought to have been estopped by gratitude and family connexion from taking part in any conspiracy against the sister of his wife. One of the most impressive passages of the speech consisted of an elaborate description of the vote by which the Duke of MONTPENSIER's grandfather made himself responsible for the judicial murder of LOUIS XVI. It is perhaps not historically true that the Jacobins of the Convention broke out in sublime indignation against PHILIP of Orleans, although they afterwards beheaded him, not as a traitor to the Royal family, but as one of its members; but the suggested analogy between the treason of the grandfather and the intrigues of the grandson was in the highest degree effective.

On the question whether the Duke of MONTPENSIER is a BOURBON, though it involves only an historical curiosity, Señor CASTELAR is mistaken. The House of ORLEANS was founded by the second son of LOUIS XIII., a generation before the second son of the Great DAUPHIN assumed the name of BOURBON, at the command of his grandfather, on his accession to the throne of Spain. According to the analogy of custom the new Spanish dynasty ought to have called itself the House of ANJOU, from the title borne as a French prince by PHILIP V.; but LOUIS XIV. had already bestowed on his illegitimate sons the name of BOURBON, derived from his ancestors who succeeded the VALOIS, and he determined that his Spanish descendants should ennoble the designation which they were to share with the legitimized Duke of MAINE. Señor CASTELAR's summary of the history of HENRY IV. and his successors, whom he calls BOURBONS, is still more fanciful than his argument against the princes of ORLEANS. Admitting that the Austrian Kings of Spain, "with their reddish hair, "their light eyes, their blanched complexions, and their temperament," were still more objectionable than the French dynasty, he oddly asserts that the family of the BOURBONS was essentially revolutionary. The Edict of Nantes, the Peace of Westphalia, the Encyclopædia, the expulsion of the Jesuits, and the establishment of American independence were, it seems, the most characteristic exploits of HENRY IV. and his descendants. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the wars of LOUIS XIV., and the elaborate fabric of French absolutism might have been more plausibly enumerated in support of the contrary proposition, but apparently Señor CASTELAR wished to show

that the obnoxious family was inconsistent as well as despotic. He had no difficulty in exposing the incapacity of the BOURBON Kings of Spain, their betrayal of national interests by their participation with the Kings of France in the Family Compact, or the imbecile treason of CHARLES IV. and FERDINAND II. when they surrendered their crown into the hands of a foreign usurper. The disastrous effects of the Family Compact would have furnished a more forcible argument against the Duke of MONTPENSIER if the House of ORLEANS had still reigned in France. It was undoubtedly the design of LOUIS PHILIPPE and of M. GUIZOT once more to level the Pyrenees by placing a French prince on the Spanish throne. Lord PALMERSTON'S remonstrances against their discreditable intrigue teemed with references to the war of the Spanish Succession and to the Peace of Utrecht; and although the influence of family ties on national policy has in modern times been greatly diminished, neither the hopes of the conspirators nor the jealousy of their antagonists was unfounded in reason. At present the elevation of the Duke of MONTPENSIER would be more distasteful to the Sovereign of France than the choice of any other possible candidate. Political necessities might cause an alliance between Spain and France, but the BONAPARTES and BOURBONS will not be brought into union by any natural affinity.

A consistent Republican might have remembered that inherited disqualification is but the inverse or correlative of divine right. The devotees of Royalty would perhaps not be unwilling to recognise the application to politics of the doctrine of original sin. If the BOURBONS or the ORLEANS family are inherently disqualified from reigning in Spain, a corresponding fitness for sovereignty may perhaps belong to some rival race. Practical politicians will not willingly exclude themselves from freedom of choice by attaching to any possible candidate a mysterious disqualification. There is something to be said for the judgment of the managers of the Revolution of 1688, and of the authors of the Act of Settlement, who after the expulsion of the KING preferred the nearest heir who was not tainted with the disability of Roman Catholicism. Spanish statesmen are not bound to follow the precedent, unless it accords with their judgment; but some of them have, since the revolution, consistently endeavoured to reduce a necessary change to the smallest possible dimensions. Queen ISABELLA'S son, Don ALPHONSO, like the English Pretender, is exposed to some serious objections. Too young to reign in his own person, he would probably furnish the ex-QUEEN and her advisers with facilities for interference and intrigue, and perhaps the enemies of the mother might sooner or later have cause to fear the resentment of the son. The Duke of MONTPENSIER, in right of his wife, comes next in the line of succession. He is a man of business, mature in years, and he has passed the greater part of his life in Spain. The gravest objection to which he is exposed is not his descent from PHILIP of Orleans or from HENRY IV., but the unpopularity on which Señor CASTELAR founded a forcible argument. With an unpopular king, he declared, liberty cannot be founded. "You cannot permit the freedom of the press, for it will turn against the king. You cannot consent to the tribune, for it will turn against the king. You cannot consent to the clubs, for they will turn against the king." The incompatibility of club agitation with any form of government is a reason for suppressing fictitious gatherings, and not for abandoning an eligible constitution; but it is true that, if not popular favour, national acquiescence is the indispensable condition of freedom under a monarchy or a republic. Spain is not yet perhaps so well trained in the principles of constitutional government as to trust that even an unpopular king will be effectually controlled by his Parliament. GEORGE I. and GEORGE II. could scarcely have been said to be popular in England; but their position was never shaken, and it was only once seriously threatened. LOUIS PHILIPPE, who was throughout his reign unpopular with all the disaffected classes, might have left his throne to his descendants if he had not, after obstinately resisting an extension of the electoral franchise, weakly yielded without a struggle to a riotous mob. A nation which both obeys the law and enforces obedience to the law on its rulers has no fear of the dictatorship which Señor CASTELAR foretels as the consequence of electing an unpopular king. Few orators have excelled the epigrammatic neatness of the interpretation which Señor CASTELAR affixed to Marshal PRIM'S threefold repetition of the adverb "Never." The first "never," according to CASTELAR, excluded the dynasty of Don CARLOS; the second applied to ISABELLA II.; and the third "never" was addressed to the Duke of MONTPENSIER. The MINISTER of WAR, who is not a rhetorician, gravely explained that in

repeating the word he meant to say the same thing three times over, and not to say three different things. The BOURBONS whom he proposed to exclude were Queen ISABELLA and her son; and it was not necessary to say anything of the Duke of MONTPENSIER, who had powerful supporters in the Cabinet itself. For the first time PRIM announced his intention of assenting to the election of the Duke of MONTPENSIER if the choice were at any time approved by the rest of the Ministry and of the Cortes. For the present it was necessary to prolong the provisional state of affairs until some candidate could unite a sufficient number of suffrages. Señor CASTELAR'S reply, that the one Minister who had a candidate ready would prevail over monarchists without a monarch, was ingenious and possibly prophetic.

STATESMEN ON SICK-LEAVE.

THERE will be strange gaps in the two Houses of Parliament during the opening weeks of the present Session. Lord RUSSELL is sheltering himself beneath the hills of San Remo, having accomplished the feat which Mr. Lowe deemed impossible, and got behind the north wind. Lord CAIRNS, though he has entered an appearance as leader of the Opposition, is said to be meditating flight to Mentone. Mr. BRIGHT has already betaken himself, for reasons only too valid, to the quiet of his own home, or to his favourite amusement among the streams of Scotland. "I shall not know the 'House of Commons without Sir ROBERT PEEL,'" said MACAULAY in the memorable speech in which he accepted the repentance and atonement of Edinburgh. The simultaneous disappearance of Lord RUSSELL, Lord CAIRNS, and Mr. BRIGHT from the prominent positions which they have filled in either Chamber is even more striking. There is good ground for hoping, as there is every private and public reason for wishing, that their retirement may be short, and that the places which have known them before will soon know them again. For the first time, however, during many years their voices will be unheard in great discussions of policy and animated party contentions.

The venerable Whig statesman's retreat from the severities of an English winter and of a more inclement English spring is natural and prudent. It is a judicious strategical movement. Lord RUSSELL will probably be back again with the flowers. In the meantime he is busy. If not the first, yet the second word of the German poet's favourite device, "Unhasting, unresting," strictly applies to him. His activity for nearly sixty years has been incessant. An eminent Continental diplomatist who had a good deal to do with Lord RUSSELL is said to have noted as his chief characteristic a certain *triste agilité*. The phrase has not very dignified associations or suggestions. It appears to have been derived from the occupants, anthropoid if quadrumanous, of certain houses in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, or the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, who perform their most nimble gambols with fixed eyes and woe-begone countenances, and who play each other the most mischievous tricks in the lowest possible spirits. Possibly (before Easter) Lord RUSSELL may find time to make a run down to Rome. He may steal a day or two from the task of preparing new volumes of his speeches and despatches, and the appropriate historic and autobiographical reminiscences. The POPE has already seen Lord AMBERLEY, but the curiosity of His Holiness has been whetted rather than satisfied by the remarkable spectacle. The chip has made him eager to behold the block. He is said to have expressed a desire to have an interview with Lord RUSSELL himself. Was Lord AMBERLEY somewhat of a disappointment to His Holiness? He may have regarded him as a

Degenerate youth, and not of Tydeus' kind
Whose little body lodged a mighty mind.

If so, he has probably wished to correct his estimate of the aristocratic statesmanship of England by recourse to the original sources. On the other hand, delight in the son may have inspired a wish to behold the father. If Lord RUSSELL should visit the Vatican, he will doubtless explain to the POPE his reasons for thinking FÉNÉLON a better Christian than BOSSUET. Perhaps he may succeed in convincing His Holiness of the consistency of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act with the principles of the late Mr. Fox, and the cause of civil and religious liberty all the world over. In the Introduction prefixed to his Speeches and Despatches, Lord RUSSELL has described conversations which he had with the Duke of WELLINGTON in the lines before Torres Vedras, and a subsequent visit to the Emperor NAPOLEON at Elba. Possibly in the introduction to some future volume he may give the world

an account of whatever may pass between himself and the POPE. Lord RUSSELL is in the habit of preparing a sufficiently large historic canvas for his personal reminiscences. A sketch of the origin and progress of the French revolutionary war, with some reflections on the merits of the contending parties and the characters of the leading actors in the struggle, is thrown in as the background on which he paints his interviews with WELLINGTON and NAPOLEON. If he should pay his respects to the POPE at the Vatican, he will probably lead up to the meeting by a preliminary view of the rise of the Temporal Power, and a sketch of the Italian history from the days of mediæval republics to the consolidation of the monarchy. The habit, though it has occasionally tedious effects, is harmless and often amusing. It moreover throws light upon a feature of Lord RUSSELL's character without a perception of which his career cannot be properly appreciated.

Lord RUSSELL has been, through the accident of birth and the impulses of ambition and of public spirit, a practical statesman. No inconsiderable fraction of his time has been spent within the walls of Parliament. The sum of his hours in St. Stephen's would probably amount to the years of an ordinary life. He has administered nearly every great office under the Crown. The Statute-Book is a record, to which he may appeal with satisfaction, of useful services and considerable achievements. Yet it may be doubted whether his natural tendencies were not rather towards letters than towards affairs. The well-known lines in which MOORE has expressed his admiration and friendship for young RUSSELL were written to combat a disposition to abandon Parliament for authorship. His early, and most creditable, taste for the society of MACINTOSH, SYDNEY SMITH, JEFFREY, HORNER, MOORE himself, is an illustration of this tendency. In every moment of leisure which he could snatch from the occupations of a busy life, he is discovered pen in hand. Histories, biographies, political disquisitions, satiric social sketches, a play, and, it is said, a novel, have been the amusement of his spare time. Above all, Lord RUSSELL's statesmanship has been essentially that of a literary man. His fertility in ideas has been eulogized. But he has exhibited rather the small and copious inventiveness of a man of letters, than capacity for the large schemes and combinations of a statesman of the highest rank. He has been an incessant projector. He has never shown any considerable faculty of commanding men. The management by which Mr. DISRAELI built up a party Lord RUSSELL has conspicuously displayed in pulling one down. He exercised as much artifice and contrivance in procuring his own deposition and banishment to the back benches as the Conservative leader showed in procuring his elevation. In the graceful and modest passage which closes the Introduction to his Speeches, Lord RUSSELL says that he has always felt that his capacity was very inferior to that of the men who have attained in past times the foremost places in our Parliament and in the councils of our sovereign. This constant reference to the great men of past times shows the real character of the world in which Lord RUSSELL has lived. It is the world of books. The student and critic has been forced into statesmanship, and cannot avoid measuring himself with his ideals. PALMERSTON, PEEL, and GLADSTONE have felt themselves masters of their work, and have thought of it as the merchant thinks of his enterprises and the barrister of his briefs. They have not indulged in comparative estimates of their capacity relatively to that of the great statesmen of the past. A curious sign that Lord RUSSELL, after nearly sixty years of public life, has not yet overcome a sort of literary awe of the men who take part in the affairs of Government, is afforded by the anecdote which he tells of Lord ALTHORP, and his own comment upon it. "I was sitting," he narrates, "by Lord ALTHORP, when he announced, after O'CONNELL's speech, 'in his own homely way, his resolution to resign. 'The pig's' killed,' he said. A porcine illustration was not new in our history. When HENRY VIII. was considering of the best means 'of procuring his divorce from CATHARINE of Aragon, he gave his decision in favour of CRANMER's opinion by saying, 'CRANMER has got the right sow by the ear.' When Sir ROBERT WALPOLE was asked how he had overcome Sir SPENCER COMPTON, to whom the KING was partial, he replied, 'He got the wrong sow by the ear, and I the right.' So 'vulgar and idiomatic are the phrases of English monarchs and ministers." This reflection might be expected from a Marylebone vestryman or a City tailor, to whom the revelation that statesmen and kings use the language of common people would come with a shock of surprise. Lord RUSSELL does not quote the vulgar and idiomatic phrase, in which he was more directly concerned, used by the late Lord DERBY on a similar occasion: "JOHNNY's upset the

"coach." But there are, it seems, constitutional precedents for Lord ALTHORP's pigs; and there may be none, except O'CONNELL's Derby dilly, with its three insides, for Lord DERBY's coach. Lord RUSSELL has a sort of innocent wonder and self-complacency in his own capacity to take with easy indifference the fate of a Ministry to which he belonged. In recounting the deliberations of his colleagues on the resignation of Lord GREY and Lord ALTHORP, he adds, "Seeing that 'nothing was to be done that night, I left the Cabinet and 'went to the Opera.' He could amuse himself in this terrible crisis. *Impavidum ferient ruinae.* The ruins of a perishing Government strike him undismayed.

Lord RUSSELL's retirement has been well earned, and is usefully employed. He will, we hope, in future volumes, be rather more than less copious of reminiscences which have historic value, and exhibit in a not unpleasing light the character of the narrator. The retreat of Lord CAIRNS to Mentone is believed in some quarters to be a withdrawal from the Conservative leadership in the House of Lords. His party would lose little by his resignation, and the highest Court of Appeal would gain much. The apology for Lord CAIRNS's comparative failure has been written in advance, in BURKE's celebrated character of GEORGE GRENVILLE. "He was bred 'to the law, which is, in my opinion, one of the first and 'noblest of human sciences; a science which does more to 'quicken and invigorate the understanding than all the other 'kinds of learning put together; but it is not apt, except in 'persons very happily born, to open and liberalize the mind 'exactly in the same proportion." Lord CAIRNS has failed to take his place among the great lawyers who have been also great political leaders. He cannot be ranked with THURLOW and ELDON, LYNDHURST and BROUGHAM. But his reputation, if it lacks the brilliancy of theirs, is free from the blots on their fame. Lord DERBY's accession to his father's place would be a natural arrangement, and would be taken as a proof that Mr. DISRAELI is still supreme in the councils of the party. CORDEN's comparatively early death, and Mr. BRIGHT's precarious health, indicate that the physical and mental excitement of an agitator's life is more trying to the strength than the more continuous and strenuous work of statesmen such as Mr. GLADSTONE, Lord PALMERSTON, or Lord RUSSELL. It may be hoped that a few weeks will restore Mr. BRIGHT to his place on the Ministerial Bench. His withdrawal from the Government, and his prolonged absence from political life, would be not simply a misfortune to his party and his colleagues. It would be a public calamity. The agitator for household suffrage is now its moderator. Mr. BRIGHT's opinions have often been extreme, but he has repeatedly shown a thoroughly English disposition to compromise in the application of them. His attitude on the Reform question in 1866, and on the Church-rate question in earlier years, the line which he is understood to have taken in the Cabinet on the arrangement proposed by Lord CAIRNS with respect to the Irish Church, and his recent language with respect to the Land question, show that, granted the ends at which he aims, he is quite capable, on great questions, of showing a sagacious sobriety and moderation in the means which he employs.

GOVERNMENT AID TO EMIGRATION.

MR. GLADSTONE gave a judiciously formal answer to the deputation which lately asked him for Government assistance to emigrants. The conventional language used by statesmen supplies a convenient substitute for discourteous refusals and hasty promises. Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was a master of the official style, once declined to pledge himself not to hesitate a long time before he refused to take a certain subject into consideration. Mr. GLADSTONE, with a more earnest candour, undertakes that the question of emigration shall receive the respectful attention of the Government; and he significantly adds that it is especially necessary to consult two colleagues who administer the Colonial Office and the Exchequer. In other words the suggested outlay would come out of the pocket of the taxpayer, while much of the advantage and all the responsibility would devolve upon the colonies. Although it is not a conclusive argument against any measure that it is new, the absence of precedent constitutes a reason for exceptional caution. The national revenue has not hitherto contributed to the relief of pauperism, and the existing distress, however serious, is not the most severe which has been felt during the present generation. Of six or seven millions of emigrants who have left Europe in half a century, a few thousands have been assisted by private benefactors or by landlords interested in clearing their

estates; and the Australian colonies have from time to time provided facilities through the Emigration Commissioners. The vast majority of English, Irish, German, or Scandinavian emigrants have found their own way to the countries of their choice; and the Italian colony in the valley of the Plata is constantly recruited by the same method. The United States, which have absorbed two-thirds of the overflow of population, would perhaps have contributed to the cost of transit if their wants had not been amply supplied; but high wages and cheap land have proved to be sufficiently attractive, and Canada and Australia have the same advantages at their disposal. Voluntary or independent emigration justifies itself, like the commercial circulation of commodities; but there is a risk that an artificial stimulus may derange the relations of supply and demand. There is an unassisted emigration constantly going on, which may or may not be sufficient to relieve any superfluity of population. It may possibly be expedient to accelerate the process of depletion, but the Government ought not to determine on the adoption of such a policy without careful inquiry. The great increase in wages during the last dozen years, though it partly represents the diminished value of money, seems also to indicate a growing demand for labour at home.

As might be expected, some of the arguments addressed to the Government are not only irrelevant, but irritating. Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS, who ought to be above shallow appeals to popular prejudice, told Mr. GLADSTONE that as large sums had been spent on the harbours of Kingston and Holyhead for the benefit, as he alleged, of first-class passengers, it would be proper to give the working-classes Parliamentary third-class fares across the ocean. It might have been thought that the facilitation of intercourse between England and Ireland was at least a plausible object for public expenditure; and it is not stated that the fares of first-class passengers have been paid out of the public funds. In the same spirit Mr. TORRENS asked that, out of the 5,000,000*l.* which the labouring classes had saved, loans should be granted to the people as well as to proprietors and railway contractors. Mr. TORRENS would have found it difficult to prove that public loans had been granted to railway contractors; unless he refers to the Irish railway loans granted, more than twenty years ago, for the express purpose of providing employment for the Irish people at the time of the famine. The duty of the Government to the Savings Banks depositors is to secure their principal and interest, and not to invest the amount in speculative advances to other persons who, if they were depositors, would not require eleemosynary assistance. Mr. TORRENS indeed means that the risk should be borne by the State, and not by the Savings Bank Fund, and therefore his contention that the savings of one part of the working-class should be applied to the benefit of a less provident section was not even sincere. It is vexatious that popular speakers in the present day introduce into every discussion some invidious contrast between the rich and the poor. Commercial travellers, tourists, and Irish members of Parliament who cross from Holyhead to Kingstown might have thought that they were safe from being held up to odium as a bloated aristocracy favoured by a corrupt Government, in comparison with artisans who might possibly emigrate to Canada. Housemaids with a few pounds in the savings bank were at least equally unconscious that they were wronged by Mr. LOWE's failure to employ their little capital in paying steerage passages to Quebec. At a subsequent meeting Mr. EASTWICK, who is deficient neither in experience nor ability, declared that the obnoxious organization called the Poor Law Board ought to be abolished, and departments of relief and emigration to be established in its place. The least that can be asked of the promoters of a novel policy is that they should so far mature their own plans as to relieve themselves from the temptation of resorting to exaggerated and unintelligible paradoxes. Mr. EASTWICK probably meant to say that emigration ought to supersede pauperism, and yet emigration at the public expense is only applicable to paupers.

It is not to be regretted that a portion of the working-classes should have discovered that they have in a certain sense a proprietary claim to the waste lands of the vast colonial dominions of England. The complaint that the lands have long since been surrendered by the Imperial Government has no practical validity, for the communities which have succeeded to the sovereignty or paramount dominion will, with few exceptions, welcome any number of English settlers who may wish to share their possessions. Mr. TORRENS stated that in Ontario every squatter might receive a free gift of a hundred acres of land; and emigrants who wish to retain something of their English allegiance may choose between the Western and

the Southern continents. The sentimental preference which is sometimes expressed for the colonies over the United States ought not to be wholly disregarded. It is true that none of the Colonial Parliaments allow any preference to England to influence their tariffs or their legislation, and that, whenever the slightest opposition is offered to their wishes, every local patriot immediately threatens secession; yet on the whole the colonists retain a certain regard to the Mother-country, and their common schools are not decorated with the altar on which the little HANNIBALS of the United States have for nearly a hundred years been sworn to perpetual enmity to England. It is possible that in time the jealousy of Imperial interference which was produced by an extinct system of government may give way to a permanently friendly relation. It is unlikely probable that, for the present at least, half the emigrants who might be sent by the Government to Canada would, like a still larger proportion of their predecessors, find their way to the United States. It is neither possible nor desirable to check the efflux of population; but it is unsatisfactory to pay for the aggrandizement of a Power which carefully trains all its citizens in the sentiments which find their exponents in the BUTLERS and the SUMNERS.

The members of the different Emigration Societies might perhaps reply to criticisms on their colonial arguments, that their main object is to relieve English distress; and, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, their proposals ought not to be dismissed without full consideration. The great prosperity of the United States is chiefly founded on the possession of unlimited land, which provides a maintenance for the entire surplus population of the older States. The fertile regions of the West are even draining New York and New England of a large part of their rural inhabitants. The pauperism which is found in the great cities of the Atlantic seaboard is due only to an accidental congestion which impedes the transit of labour to the remoter parts of the country. There is nothing to interfere with a similar movement from the United Kingdom to the colonies, except the interposition of the sea, and the habits of the people. Wherever emigrants are likely to go, English is spoken, and the customs of the colonies and even of the United States are nearly the same with which the working-classes are already familiar. The Welsh, who are more adventurous or more moveable than the English, sometimes emigrate in little communities, carrying with them, like the companions of ÆNEAS, their tutelary deities in the name and observances of their native Ebenezer or Bethesda. It is an open question whether it is worth the while of the Government, or, in other words, of the community which remains at home, to pay the whole or part of the cost of making a bridge over the sea. It is impossible to retain between England and the Colonies the intimate political unity which connects California with Massachusetts, for neither insular nor continental Englishmen will consent to be governed from the other side of the ocean. To a certain extent, and subject to protective tariffs, emigrants, when they have become flourishing colonists, are likely to be profitable customers; but the only ground on which State aid to emigration could be justified would be the prevention of pauperism, and it is necessary to remember that every contribution to the wants of the poor has a definite tendency to discourage prudence and independence.

CLERICAL DISABILITIES.

NEITHER the clerical memorialists who have recently addressed Mr. GLADSTONE on certain disabilities under which they labour, nor the PREMIER who has given them a reply through their spokesman Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, are exactly to be congratulated on the logical precision with which their case has been put and answered. They have mixed up an ecclesiastical and a civil grievance. They complain that the law of the Church, accepted and endorsed by the State, has pronounced the indelibility of orders, and the perpetual obligation of the clerical profession, and they ask the State to withdraw this sanction and assent given to the canon law. This is intelligible; but they go on to complain, as though it were a part of the same grievance and inherent in it, that clergymen—and this disability not only applies to Anglican priests and deacons, but to Roman Catholics, Greeks, and all other clerics in holy orders, and to the ministers of the Scotch Establishment—are not allowed to sit in Parliament by a special statute, 41 GEORGE III., c. 63. It is by no means clear whether Mr. GLADSTONE'S "decided opinion that the "existing law cannot be defended" refers to the ecclesiastical disability imposed by the Church and accepted by the State, or to the merely civil and special disability imposed by Parliament

sixty-nine years ago in HORNE TOOKE's case. Nor do we understand, from the terms of Mr. HIBBERT's motion, whether the Bill of which he has given notice is intended to apply to the great or to the small grievance, or to both grievances. As the notice of his Bill stands, it seems simply a measure to repeal the HORNE TOOKE Act, and to enable ordained persons and Scotch ministers of the Establishment to sit in Parliament, leaving the question of the civil acceptance of the canon and Church law just where it stood. There seem to be reasons for keeping these separate considerations clear, since the *Times* has made the extraordinary blunder of asserting that "the Irish clergy of the disestablished Church"—and, by parity of reasoning, the English clergy when they come to be disestablished—"will have as much right as Dissenting ministers to become candidates for the House of Commons." The *Times* has not yet mastered the first elements of the case. The Anglican clergy are not disabled because they are established, but because they are ordained by imposition of episcopal hands. The words of the Act are precise—"if any person having been ordained to the office of priest or deacon, or being a minister of the Church of Scotland," &c. If Mr. AYTON were to be ordained deacon by the Archbishop of SYRA and TENOS, his seat for the Tower Hamlets would be *ipso facto* void.

The indelibility of orders question might safely be left to the Church to settle. It is, we think with the memorialists, injurious to the Church that those clergymen who wish to give up their orders cannot among ourselves do so. Nothing is gained by keeping an unwilling horse in harness; and the impossibility which the English Church finds imposed on itself of freeing its ministers from a yoke which they have found intolerable, or from duties and responsibilities which in conscience they feel themselves no longer able to discharge, only furnishes another illustration of our stiff and cast-iron mode of accepting the old ecclesiastical law without those qualifications and relaxations which the astuteness of the Papal system has always introduced into its most rigid enactments. Ordination impresses an indelible character. That is the principle of the thing; but then comes in the qualification. A cleric may in Roman practice, quite apart from Roman theory, be degraded as it were in a friendly suit, and released from his ordination vows by special dispensation. Cardinal POLE, had everything turned out well, might have married, and it was intended that he should marry, MARY the Heiress of England; and, in our own times, Bishop TALLEYRAND received from Rome an amicable release from his ordination obligations and a discharge of his episcopal and clerical status. Where there is a will and a political necessity the Church of Rome soon finds a way of evading its strictest Church principles. We do not say that the Church of England would do well in importing this dubious practical laxity into its system, nor can we understand that the Church of England would be well advised to allow its bishops to declericalize any of its priests and deacons by a penny post letter; which is, we presume, what is meant by the claim urged, that those "unwilling to continue in the ministry of the Church should be permitted to resign their office without even being called upon to assign their reasons." But we must add, that the proposition for the Church of England to reconsider and modify its rules, and to render resignation of orders possible under conditions—that is, to accept what we have called a declericalization which was not degradation, formal degradation at present being the only possible relief—is a matter which the Church of England, we think, might reasonably entertain. It must be remembered that the Church as such does not, as a matter of fact, disable its clergy from very many secular avocations. The Church does not prohibit its priests and deacons from sitting in Parliament. It has been shown, if our memory does not deceive us, that clergymen have sat in Parliament even since the Reformation. The employment throughout the whole course of history of high ecclesiastics in grave affairs of State, of which the last instance was the appointment of Bishop ROBINSON, who assisted in negotiating the Peace of Utrecht, shows that in the eyes of the Church secular avocations are not considered irreconcilable with the ecclesiastical function. The Nonjurors, who were certainly not the men to take a lax view of clerical obligations, allowed even their bishops to practise medicine and to correct the press; and at the present moment clergymen can be called to the Bar by at least some of the Inns of Court, and we much doubt whether the College of Physicians or the College of Surgeons would refuse clergymen membership. What the Church objects to is, not the combination of the clerical and secular calling, but the "divesting of the ecclesiastical character." The grievance, therefore, imposed by the

Church is, after all, not very heavy, and ecclesiastical thunders, at any rate, are not very active. What we suppose the claim on this head likely to amount to is this:—That a clergyman disposed and resolved to relinquish his orders should be released from special ecclesiastical jurisdiction. For example, that a clergyman, even should he publish the most anti-Christian doctrines, after having practically quitted the ministry and resigned his preferment, should not, as now, be liable as a clergyman to a suit in the Church Courts. Liable, no doubt, he is; but in practice he is safe enough. LINDSEY resigned his living and opened a Unitarian meeting-house; but he certainly was never prosecuted in the York Consistory Court. The force of the allegation in the case BARNES v. SHORE is that there is no release from canonical jurisdiction over a clergyman who secedes from the Church of England. But the difficulty *solvitur ambulando*. Canonical jurisdiction is not enforced on clerical seceders. Within the last thirty years how many clergymen have gone over to Rome, who, as one of themselves expresses it, "are now serving as secretaries to Joint-Stock Companies, as clerks in Government offices—shall I say, getting a livelihood on the stage?" and yet not one of them has been "excommunicated" for "using himself in the course of his life as a layman," as the seventy-sixth canon threatens him.

On the other point we are at one with the memorialists—in their view of the Act of 1801. It did override all constitutional precedents, and it was a tyrannical *privilegium* assumed by the House of Commons for the mere purpose of excluding a particularly obnoxious person. Moreover, in these days it may be represented as a huge political injustice that a vast body of educated men, some twenty thousand in number, should be excluded from the right which every man in the Empire enjoys of entering Parliament. From the representative assemblies of no other country are the clergy excluded; and Liberals, both in Church and State, might do well to remember that in this country alone are the inferior clergy by the senatorial disability inflicted on them reduced to a caste. And here, perhaps, we shall be reminded that we have overstated the case; and we shall be told that it is not the fact that the clergy are the only body of men in England, apart from peers of Parliament, who are debarred entrance into the House of Commons. Government officials suffer under the same interdict; and it is only right that the rector and the tide-waiter, being equally Government servants, should equally be excluded from Parliament. This argument has been seriously, or, at any rate insultingly, advanced; and in the same quarter, while it was admitted that the existing Church disabilities could not be maintained on any ground of political justice, it was urged that, whether just or not, the restrictions should be maintained as against the English clergy, because they were only a sort of police, and as against the Irish Roman Catholic priests, because they were not to be trusted with the ordinary rights of citizens. Of all illiberalism, that of advanced Liberals is sometimes the most startling. Like the tarts and jellies and dessert which were too good for the chaplain of a hundred and fifty years ago, a seat in Parliament is perhaps considered a delicacy to be reserved for the lords of acres or of cotton, or to our own flesh and blood of the working-man. But the clergy are to be shut out:—

. Sir Crape, withdraw!
Those dainties are not for a spiritual maw.

The clerical memorialists, if we understand them rightly, though they are not likely to defend their suggestions by this sort of argument, only purpose to render the unbefitted clergy capable of being elected to the House of Commons; and it is probable that Mr. HIBBERT's Bill, and Mr. GLADSTONE's implied, though cautious, acceptance of its principle, go no further than this. But the question is a very difficult one. No doubt, it would be a grave misfortune were the clergy in large numbers tempted to combine their special work with attendance in Parliament; or, like the lawyers, to look to a seat in the Commons as a means of professional advancement. But the danger is remote enough. With all their accomplishments, and all their practical acquirements, the clergy do not in large numbers display such habits and gifts as would render them very acceptable to constituencies. Nor are the household suffragers likely to be dazzled by the hustings powers of the rectors. We do not consider this objection very formidable, nor do we think that even were the Act of 1801 simply repealed, St. Stephen's stands much in danger of being occupied in force by clerical representatives. But the question is on all sides beset by so many difficulties that were it not for the palpable injustice of the HORNE TOOKE Act, and the high-handed insolence with

which it was carried, and which is a standing reproach to Parliament, we should be well content to leave things as regards the civil question as they are.

THE VOLUNTEER REGULATIONS.

IN his last interview with the representatives of the Volunteers Mr. CARDWELL has displayed a quality invaluable to a Minister, but for which he has not always had credit. He has known how to recede gracefully and ungrudgingly from a false position. The tentative scheme which he propounded was evidently prepared for him by advisers who had a fair appreciation of the principles applicable to the case, but no knowledge whatever of the facts with which they had to deal. The result was a little code of regulations all directed to right objects, which they invariably missed. The first and least objectionable proposal was that the Volunteers should be brought into closer connexion with the Regular Forces. This had long been the expressed desire of the best of the Volunteers, but it is a difficult piece of administration to manage. General LINDSAY has held the command of all the Reserve Forces for two years, and he has not yet found the way to surmount the difficulties of combined working between forces wholly different in character and in the conditions of their service. If the process which merged the chief command of the Militia and the Volunteers were carried further, and the same staff set over the whole of HER MAJESTY'S forces, it is certain that the Volunteers would lose the guidance of a body of thoroughly able and sympathetic Inspectors, and by no means certain that their new chief would master the task of bringing them into closer connexion with the Regular Forces. The suggestion, in fact, was excellent in intention, but altogether barren for want of knowledge of the real difficulties to be overcome.

Another perfectly sound principle which ran through the whole of the project was that the money of the State should not be wasted upon the maintenance of merely nominal Volunteers, and that economy should as far as practicable be secured by combining the whole force into a moderate number of battalions of reasonable size. The suggestion, however, was put forward under the evident impression that there were no useful Volunteers who need fail to do their quantum of drill and practice, and in entire ignorance of the fact that local circumstances and past associations rendered the combination of small corps in most cases impossible, though their destruction was easy enough. Mr. CARDWELL, after his conferences with leading Volunteers, knows now what his original advisers never told him (probably because they never knew), that though the Volunteer force is not distributed on the most absolutely economical plan, it has grown up as it is, and cannot be redistributed without losing the life which animates it. It would be a very pretty arrangement to have the whole of the Volunteer Corps dotted about the country in equal battalions, each exactly 1,000 strong, but you can't do it without annihilating half of them. You might as well try to size a company by cutting off the heads of the tall men and setting them on to the chacos of the dwarfs. So, again, to condemn every corps to bear the cost of all its casual non-efficients would be to saddle even the best of them with an inevitable annual expenditure, or else to compel them to part with many of their best, though busiest, men. It is clear that the proposal was not designed to destroy battalions, or to exclude serviceable Volunteers, but it was framed in ignorance of facts, and has been wisely repudiated by a Minister who is now better informed than his subordinates. The same explanation accounts for the errors in all the other proposals. It is undeniably better, and much pleasanter for the men, that drills should be conducted with full companies and battalions, though the importance of this is much less than might be supposed. But Mr. CARDWELL'S advisers did not know that the Volunteers have attained to the not contemptible efficiency which has been recognised by the officers who have commanded and inspected them, by means of drills often with ridiculously thin companies and feeble battalions. Still less could they have known that, as a rule, such drills, and such only, are possible to busy Volunteers, each of whom can attend only on those occasions when other occupations permit. Mr. CARDWELL sees this also now, and no longer insists on an impossible condition.

A similar blunder was made in the well-meant regulations as to shooting. It was rightly considered that every Volunteer should, if possible, prove his capabilities every year at the butts. But then it is not possible. It was evidently imagined that the comparatively small number of extra-efficients was due

to the difficulty which the men experienced in shooting well enough to pass. Every Volunteer knew, and Mr. CARDWELL knows now, that this is not so. Not one man in a hundred who tries to pass his classes fails to come up to the required standard of skill, but scores of men in every hundred find it impossible to get time to come to the butts at all. So it was proposed to diminish the imaginary difficulty of passing, and to increase by volley-firing, and by the abolition of the 20s. efficient grade, the real difficulty of finding time to earn any capitation at all. The ingenious calculator who drew up the suggestions arrived, no doubt, by sound arithmetical processes at the conclusion that there were butts enough to enable any Volunteer to pass his classes in half a day. But he forgot that men must take their half-days when they can get them, and that everybody wants to shoot his own special class at his own time—generally a fine evening or a Saturday afternoon in one of three or four summer months. The consequence is, that just when a man wants a target, he finds he has to wait for hours while other squads are shooting at other ranges, and that, to get through his classes, he must give up, not one, but several, half-days. This misconception, too, has happily been removed. The necessary modification of the Government suggestions is obvious. Either the 20s. grade must be retained, or, if money is to be given only to full efficients both in shooting and drill, the amount allowed must be increased in proportion to the average percentage of busy men who cannot find time for ball practice. It is not very material which of these plans is adopted, though we are inclined to agree with Colonel LOYD LINDSAY in preferring the latter.

The calculations of the amount of necessary expenses are, again, based upon ignorance of facts. It is assumed that the returns from which the sums are worked out state the whole expenditure under each head. But they do nothing of the kind. They show only what has been paid out of the corporate funds. They are silent as to the large expenditure for necessary expenses which has come out of the pockets of the men. In most corps, travelling expenses to parade and to the butts are paid by the Volunteers themselves, except on very special occasions, and the small proportion thus contributed by the corps has been taken as the measure of the whole expenditure. Similar errors are palpable in the estimate of clothing expenses, and a strange delusion exists that smart and respectable sergeant-instructors can be got for less than the pay of an Irish hodman. But all these details will certainly be corrected now that the regulations are to be revised in concert with a Committee of Volunteer Commanders, who thoroughly understand the real wants of the force.

Nothing, again, could be more commendable than an attempt to increase the efficiency of Volunteer officers, but as a large proportion of the establishment of officers is now represented by the family of Captain BLANK and Lieutenant ASTERISK, it is quite clear that more stringent conditions as to examinations and the like cannot be imposed until other discouragements (chiefly the heavy pecuniary tax) are removed by Government liberality. Make a commission an inexpensive luxury, and the number of candidates will be ample, no matter how stringent the conditions of efficiency may be. But, to effect this, the total grant must in some shape or other be largely increased, for it is clear that expenditure cannot be materially lessened. It is the personal interest of all the officers who pay the ultimate balances out of their own purses to prune down every avoidable expense, and they have failed to bring their outlay within 100,000*l.* of the Government allowance. The inference must be obvious to Mr. CARDWELL, however it may have been lost sight of by his subordinates. Perhaps the most grievous mistake that was committed was in the idea that each Volunteer ought to have just enough ammunition to class with and no more, whereas the whole secret of the brilliant success of the shooting Volunteers consists in the facilities afforded to all who have the time for frequent practice and occasional competitions. Make shooting costly, and you destroy the strongest bond which holds the force together. It is no doubt absurd in theory to make the allowance to the shooting men depend on the number of Volunteers who never go to the butts and are fit for nothing but file and volley firing; and this might well be altered if the allowance of cartridges to the extra-efficients were so largely increased as to leave the aggregate supply not less than it is at present. It is needless to pursue the subject more into detail. We have no doubt that the code of rules which threatened the destruction of the Volunteers will be recast into a form compatible with their continued existence on terms somewhat less onerous to them in a pecuniary sense, and therefore more

conducive to the selection of efficient officers, than those under which they have hitherto struggled. Mr. CARDWELL has now the assistance of the best advisers, and they and he are doubtless mutually satisfied that nothing will be insisted on which is not consistent with the rule that the State should supply all the funds which are really necessary for the maintenance of the highest possible efficiency, and not a farthing more. If fairly worked out, without either extravagance or parsimony, this principle will add perhaps 100,000*l.* a year to the charge, and will increase in a much larger ratio the efficiency of the force, and this most conspicuously in the commissioned ranks, where capacity is most required, and, for the reasons we have indicated, most difficult to secure.

THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.

SIR HENRY TAYLOR has written a very interesting article upon Mr. Mill's theories in the last number of *Fraser's Magazine*; but perhaps the most interesting passage is the conclusion. He describes with much delicate humour that peculiarity in Mr. Mill's writing to which he gives the name of "incandescent philosophy." Speaking from an acquaintance of forty-five years, he tells us that the peculiar felicity of Mr. Mill and his school is, and always has been, that they know no doubt. A few years ago the justice of this criticism would perhaps have been more disputed. Mr. Mill would have been quoted by those who only knew his books on *Logic* and *Political Economy* as specially remarkable for his judicial temperament and the singular candour of his views. His recent utterances have rather shaken the faith of all but the extreme school in his possession of these qualities. Yet we suspect that Mr. Mill has not changed, and that Sir H. Taylor is substantially right. Nobody, indeed, could be more anxious than Mr. Mill has hitherto been to do the fullest and fairest justice to his opponents' case, and to speak in the highest terms of the services they have rendered to the investigation of truth. But perhaps that fairness was indicative of a serene confidence in the certainty of his own position; he had so carefully weighed the arguments on the other side, he had so completely extracted from them all that was worth having, and fitted it into its proper place in his own system, that he had no temptation to depreciate its value. He could write as a mathematician who has seen through the confused notions that obscure weaker intellects, not as an ordinary controversialist who makes up for want of confidence by excess of passion. Clearheaded men are apt to be at once positive and calm, and, in consequence, all the more irritating to their opponents. Since Mr. Mill has undertaken to deal with questions more exciting and more generally interesting, he has retained the same confidence in his own conclusions, but the intensity of his zeal has produced a more conspicuous explosion of the "incandescent" elements. He is as decided about women's rights as he was about the origin of our knowledge or the theory of rent, but he is no longer able to treat the question with such admirable serenity. In a metaphysical speculation he might pardon his opponents for their mental obfuscation; but in a social dispute where he knows himself to be in the right he begins to catch something of the spirit which regards intellectual error as criminal, or rather he will not admit that on so plain an issue the error can be only intellectual.

We will not complain of the change, if it is a change. It is inevitable, and it is perhaps not to be lamented, that there should be a considerable admixture of passion in disputes affecting so deeply our whole social organization. If Mr. Mill has erred, it is at least a generous error. Putting ourselves at his point of view, and assuming that half the human race is condemned to a permanent inequality, not because they are intellectually or morally disqualified for equality, but because they are physically weaker, we should certainly admit that a good deal of virtuous indignation is pardonable and perhaps desirable. Great wrongs are not to be redressed, like metaphysical errors, by dispassionate argument, but by lively appeals to our sense of justice, and by arousing a resentment proportional to the injury. Free-trade might be advocated by statistical statements, and by analysis of the course of commercial affairs; but slavery could not be destroyed without exciting emotions superior in strength to the prejudices enlisted by long prescription on the other side. If Mr. Mill's arguments are sound, his method of putting them before us is justifiable. But then it is equally true that we must look more carefully at the arguments of a man confessedly boiling over with indignation, and incapable, after his opinions have once been formed, of coming to the discussion without a very strong bias, and an almost irresistible, however unconscious, tendency to give but scant measure of justice to his opponents' case.

In fact, when we look at Mr. Mill's arguments, we seem to observe a change in his methods of reasoning corresponding to the warmth of feeling which he has imported into the discussion. He seems to countenance some of the assumptions upon which he has taught us to look with special suspicion. Thus, for example, a large part of the essay on the *Subjection of Women* is devoted to rebutting the presumption from history that women are inferior to men in strength of intellect. It is admitted on all hands that no conclusive experience can be adduced on either side. If women have hitherto done less than men, they have been sub-

ject to many disadvantages. But, then, what caused the disadvantages? Mr. Mill's reply, as Sir Henry Taylor pertinently observes, comes substantially to this—that they were due to their physical weakness, and moreover to nothing else but their physical weakness. Everybody, again, will admit that the weakness, so far as it goes, is a true cause; but is it the whole cause? Mr. Mill says that he can see no other, although at first sight one would say that the physical weakness is not likely to be entirely confined to the muscles without affecting the intellectual powers; and then this mere ignorance of other causes appears occasionally to be transformed in his hands into the positive assertion that there are no other causes. This is just one of the fallacies which Mr. Mill would most summarily expose in a philosophical discussion. In the same way he assumes that the equality of a social arrangement is conclusive proof of its justice, and proceeds to argue about the rights founded upon this assumption as confidently as if he were not amongst the most powerful assailants of the whole doctrine of indefeasible and inherent rights. We begin to fancy in reading his book that no one could supply a more satisfactory answer to some of its logical inferences than the philosopher who has argued so elaborately, and as most of us think so conclusively, for the necessity of the utilitarian test. He, of all men, should surely be the last to advocate the concession of political rights on high *a priori* grounds, without condescending to show that the concession will be beneficial to the nation at large.

We are quite aware that Mr. Mill's argument may be shaped in a way to evade these objections, and that much of it is in fact not liable to them at all. But the tendency to slur over the difficulties involved, and to jump at a summary conclusion, because no sufficient induction has been made, is a new and not a very promising characteristic of Mr. Mill's writing. In fact, it is upon these points that Sir H. Taylor's argument principally turns. He disputes, for example, Mr. Mill's assumption that an approach to equality is necessarily a good thing; and in doing so, he brings into prominence certain considerations which cannot be overlooked in a really thorough treatment of the question. Thus, Sir Henry Taylor says (and we need not now examine the accuracy of his assertions) that the middle classes in foreign countries show more real independence than the middle classes at home. He adds that this is to be explained partly by differences of temperament, but partly also by the fact that where there are fewer openings for social advance, there is more content, less recklessness, and less desire to hang on to the skirts of other people. The increase of political liberty may be a good thing; it may more than counterbalance these disadvantages; but it still involves the payment of a certain price. The fact and the alleged explanation may both of them be inaccurate, but they point to a difficulty which cannot be simply neglected. Men are condemned, or privileged, in England to live in a state of incessant struggle with each other, and in a constant anxiety about petty practical details. Is it plain, so plain as to need no argument, that women would be elevated by forcing them into the same struggle, or at least breaking down all the barriers which at present keep them to lives of comparative repose? It may very well be that women are now deprived of careers which would give a much needed stimulus to their intellects, and that it would be well to provide them, not only with superior means of culture, but with superior motives for exertion. But the fact that they are now too often condemned to a purely frivolous existence does not demonstrate that they should be encouraged to imitate the more busy, but not always more elevating, pursuits in which masculine lives are generally absorbed. Without pretending to decide the question offhand, we think that Sir H. Taylor has raised a question which cannot be summarily set aside as irrelevant or sentimental. Pursuing the same argument into a more practical application, what are we to say to the admission of women to the Bar? Sir H. Taylor describes with great force the kind of life which would be provided by such an arrangement. It may be pleasant to think of "widows or wives of forty or fifty" sitting on the bench of judgment; but how are they to get there? Unless some very sweeping change takes place, they must begin, as men begin, at a very early age. Sir H. Taylor pursues in imagination the "small foot of our (feminine) law pupil to the chambers of the special pleader"; he imagines her spending the day with a company of "assiduous young gentlemen distinguished by that modesty and backwardness which guarantee success at the Bar"; retiring late at night to her solitary lodgings; attending criminal and civil business at the Courts, and acquiring "daily familiarity with all the villanies that are done under the sun, and all the vices that mix themselves up with indelible offences or lead to litigation"; and finally rising to the Bench, and after exchanging her wig for a black cap, sentencing a prisoner at the bar to be taken to the place whence he came, and be hanged by the neck till he is dead. He expresses an opinion that a "good girl" would rather be hanged herself; and we must admit that there is much to be said for his opinion.

We will not pursue his argument as to the other professions; in which, as a rule, he finds less difficulty in settling matters to his satisfaction. The answer which Mr. Mill would of course make to this and similar arguments would be, that the matter would settle itself; and that ladies would not go to the Bar, unless it turned out that the Bar was suitable for ladies. Here, again, we meet with precisely one of those hasty assumptions which require a much closer investigation than they generally receive. Is it so plain that if we leave things to themselves they will necessarily come right? Of course, if the assertion is well founded, the whole

dispute falls to the ground. If women only do what is good for them, there is no use in making laws to exclude them; and the opinion that matters of every kind may be left to take care of themselves is so common amongst a certain school, and saves so very much trouble in argument, that it is rather tempting to give way to it. Unluckily, we have grave doubts whether it be well founded. Is it true, for example, that when you give a man a vote, he will only exercise his privilege if it does good? Do the Irish voters at New York abstain from voting when they know nothing about the matter, and wait till they are qualified to produce a healthy influence upon the national politics? Women are often tempted, and unluckily they often give way to the temptation, to take up modes of life which are very far from healthful to themselves or to society at large. Assuming that the Bar would really be, as Sir H. Taylor supposes, a profession calculated to exert a very demoralizing influence upon them, does it follow that many of them might not despise a danger of which they know little in search of independence? Public opinion would of course oppose such a course for many years or generations to come; but, unluckily, public opinion is capable of being demoralized also. And, to take the point which Mr. Mill has almost ostentatiously refused to notice, but which is of the very highest importance in a social point of view, what is the probable effect of these principles upon marriage? Have we any grounds for assuming that equal rights will necessarily lead to improved morality? If we put women in every respect on a precise equality with men, can we resist the conclusion that divorce should become voluntary, or, at the least, very much easier? The marriage law subjects women to a certain dependence upon their husbands as a price for limiting the caprice and brutality of the male animal. Any destruction of the dependence must tend to make separation in some form easier than before; and whether men or women would be the greater losers by such a change, it is undeniable that a great effect would be produced upon the morals of society. Of course it is open to Mr. Mill to argue, as many people do argue, that the change would be beneficial. We cannot here give any grounds for either supposition; but at any rate it is scarcely open to him to pass over without consideration what to many people will seem to be incomparably the most important result of the whole question. If men and women were different races his argument might be unanswerable; but so long as the purity of family life is intimately connected with the proposed changes we cannot afford to overlook their operation upon it, and to take a short cut to our conclusions without condescending to discuss the question.

BROODING.

THERE are persons who live in such a vacuity of occupations and interests that the least inquisitive observer cannot help feeling some passing curiosity as to how they get through the time, or certain spaces of time, which to outward appearance are vacant. Thus briefly described, the class may seem larger than we mean to indicate here. Busy spirits are apt to speculate as to how all leisure exercises itself, how leisure without any visible pursuits passes the time. But it is one of the functions of society to supply a sham of occupation for such of its members as have nothing real to do. "Anybody," it has been said, "can get through a day." What with lounging, what with gazing and staring and gossiping, what with eating and drinking and card-playing, the old fogey does not even know, except at odd times, that he neither does anything nor has anything to do. When we see him doing nothing he is much like the people around him. He affects an interest in the interests of other men. But there are people who do none of these things, who do not care to be seen in concourses, who despise public and fashionable haunts, who are silent amid talkers and out of the way where anything is to be looked at, who are never seen doing anything, and yet are never apparently at a loss or bored; who, if forced into periodical occupation, relapse into quiescence as a normal condition. They are probably taciturn people, or, if they talk, it is of externals; abstract questions involving thought are irritating to them as a disturbance; the subjects they voluntarily discourse upon leave the mystery of their inner life unsolved. And yet we may know that they possess brains, and therefore have an inner life, only their talk and action give no index to it and furnish no suggestion; until indeed they surprise us by some sudden outbreak, some ebullition of anger or impatience or violence of opinion, for which nothing about them had prepared us or given warning. Silent, passionless, difficult to move, slow to act, they had given us no glimpse of the mind's working, and then comes a lava burst as though they had suddenly taken up some false exaggerated impression. But sudden outbursts in nature always indicate slow, unnoticed processes somewhere; and here we are surprised because we had not kept pace with that silent, ruminating, inner growth which we will call brooding—the quietest, the most passive, and also the most developing, transforming, exaggerating of all mental processes, and issuing like natural incubation in hatching something in direct contrast to its own seeming passivity. Instead of the outbursts incident to inert minds being excited from without, we believe them to be simply the natural issue of long brooding, that has given proportions and solidity to some slight injury or fancied wrong which would have taken no hold on an active occupied mind, or been resented on the spot, but which has swelled here into a huge unendurable grievance, urging to intemperate speech and spasmodic action. Brooders of the ideal sort, by

mere contemplating, turning, mumbling and fumbling a subject, whether it be a wrong, or a longing, or a secret, increase the volume and weight of the thing brooded over, and change its proportions, without any extraneous aid from altered conditions and circumstances. Time, which to active minds abates the force of events as they successively recede into the past, aggravates, and in aggrandizing perverts, them in the brooding temperament. A trouble, a piece of ill-usage, a passion, a grudge, a misty speculation, a fancied discovery in science, an act of liberality, grows by incubation, and as it grows drifts without conscious will or intention into a new phase more agreeable to the brooder's inclination. No matter holds its identity in this process; fact is for ever being disorganized. After brooding for years over irritating circumstances, men will assert in good faith the exact contrary of facts which they themselves were eagerly instrumental in bringing about. Nor for this need their life necessarily be reclusive or inactive; though, from the larger dimensions which all personal matters assume in passive as compared with active life, we associate brooding with retired habits. Many a mind has a brooding corner which seems to passing acquaintance occupied and even absorbed in common and general interests.

Brooding is almost of necessity the relaxation of solitude. We doubt, indeed, if solitude is endurable without this at once stimulant and opiate of the faculties. Jeremy Taylor says of the devotions of solitaries, "They suffer they know not what and call it what they please," quoting that saying of Anthony the Hermit, "That is not a perfect prayer in which the votary understands either himself or the prayer"—a condition of the intellect which throws light on the expansion of old dogma and the birth of new, of which we hear so much. The hermit thought he was defining contemplation, but we seem to recognise the essential property of brooding, which is that it issues, without assignable reason or apparent processes, and suddenly, even to itself, in new developments.

Disappointment in love is a very frequent promoter of this condition, and is among the most excusable of all; for the lover by prescriptive right broods, and the habit is contracted prior to the injury which turns it into so bitter an indulgence. It often needs an heroic effort to shake off the moody influences which follow upon the reversal of legitimate hopes. Yet the brooding victim, as it is called, of disappointed affections may be an object of pity, but certainly not of respect, or even sympathy. The strange habits which persons in this state fall into are indications of selfishness. They are indulging themselves in indulging a habit. They might by an effort shake off the weight which makes them an incubus on all about them. They could, if they would, dispel the cloud which casts a gloom on many family circles. Men are not so apt to brood over these matters as women, or, when they do, they are solitary in their sullenness; but how often we hear of a sister who on the failure of a love-affair separates herself from the general home interests, cares for nobody, and sinks perhaps permanently into helplessness and cold inaccessible despondency. Nor is the depth of the gloom any indication of the strength of the previous affection; it is not even a sign of constancy; the blow rankles, not because of the sufferer's acute sensitiveness, but simply because some weak part of the moral system has been struck. But the wrong that sets people brooding need not be of man's doing. Social disadvantages or some personal defect may be a fruitful source of it, where pride or ambition is not sustained by concurrent energy of will. Anything that makes a man different from others either stimulates or depresses, and a trifling flaw marring an otherwise perfect or distinguished form and physiognomy is seen to settle on the consciousness as a perpetual presence. There have been magnificent eyes, glorious in form and colour and full of intelligence, which have contracted a permanently averted downcast habit from brooding over a slight immaterial defect in finely-formed features till it was magnified into an enormity. Not, however, that brooding even over a wrong is necessarily painful. A very small grievance paralyses some minds till its contemplation is about the strongest pleasure they can bear. They cannot get beyond it; it is the boundary of their view. By long habit the mind sinks into it at every moment of leisure, as the body sinks into its accustomed easy chair, which is easy through the fact of human weariness. It is rest.

The essential quality of brooding is its indefiniteness. Active thought works towards a conclusion, and conclusion implies progress—the process of passing on. The brooder never concludes, and does not even affect any practical purpose. He would not know where he was, or what to take to, if obliged to shift his ground; as, for example, if some cherished wrong proves a palpable delusion, or some long-suspected neighbour from an enemy turns into a benefactor. Brooders do not want these violent changes; they are lost without the old tale of offences to muse upon and turn over and parade to and fro. The notion that the subject is painful is one of the illusions on which the brooder lives; it grows to be his universal apologist, his excuse for all shortcomings, for neglected opportunities, for failure generally. It is his resource, his fancy, his society, his confidant, his prospect for the future, his memory of the past. Hence we never regard the man who broods on a large scale as an object of compassion, whatever his seeming condition. He has a screen from the miseries of life, something that stands between him and the too staring and abrupt proximity of misfortune and the rawness of calamity.

But brooding is not necessarily a solitary exercise; people constantly brood in couples. Beyond this limit we imagine it to be impossible to continue in the required suspense from action and

conclusion. A third party interposes fresh conditions, and reduces the matter into discussion, or recrimination, or planning, or gossip, or detraction. Three people can't stand still, can't help making some way; if not, there is conscious disunion; they must follow, or lead, or part company. But couples, we are convinced, do continue to keep in the same charmed round, to emit aloud the same resultless musings, to say over and over again the same identical words which end day after day in the same suspension of any conclusion. Where two persons—sisters, or husband and wife, or mother and daughter—live together, and set their neighbours wondering what in the world they find to do, if they do not go into society, nor entertain friends, nor work nor play nor write nor travel, and yet maintain a cheerful air, they probably brood. We know they do if we detect some joint gradual change in their view of facts which have themselves undergone no change. If we see joint opinion strengthen, and antipathies gain force without adequate reason, if their estimate of persons grows more defined and exaggerated without new means of judging, then we may be sure it is through a process of social rumination of which they are probably wholly unconscious, ignorant of all change, and supposing themselves to be only repeating foregone conclusions. "We have talked over it hours and hours and hours," said one of these social brooders, "and yet we can't make anything of it." But an antipathy had grown up and a strength of censure of which there was not the least consciousness. The shortcomings of neighbours are an evident subject of brooding, but there are pleasanter and more inexhaustible subjects still, the consideration of which might spare us a world of pity for persons whose lives are externally dull and uneventful. Money is a never-ending motive for ruminating, as well as for external material speculation. What money will do, how far it will go, what bills it must pay, where the next supply is likely to come from, and when, and what it will amount to at such a time, is a diversion that never fails where once the habit has set in, unproductive though it be, and ending in nothing. When the question of investments is added, when increasing hoards are to be lodged, and houses and lands with all their contingencies pass in a phantasmagoric review, we need no longer wonder how long, uneventful hours are passed. If our readers are to be brooders at all, we can only wish them such comfortable subjects for their musings.

A ROPE'S END.

THE melancholy and pathetic law, that all great benefactors of their kind who happen to be in advance of the times are only rewarded with failure and ruin, has once more been illustrated. It is impertinent to enlarge on so patent a truism or to illustrate this dull commonplace of moralists. The man who gave the world a new world was rewarded with imprisonment and disgrace, and a mere adventurer gave his name to a continent which Columbus discovered. The men who in our own days have united the Old World with the New by electric and instantaneous communication have been ruined by their public spirit. The Great Atlantic Telegraph Company, whose money did that work which has been saluted as the crowning achievement of our wondrous mother-age, has been absorbed, and its place and its name know it no more. A brief and meagre report of a Joint-Stock Company's meeting in the *Times* of Friday week announced to those who were at the trouble of understanding it that a star of the first magnitude has fallen from the commercial firmament. A resolution was on that occasion passed, "That the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company be, and they are hereby, authorised to introduce a Bill into Parliament to authorise and effect the conversion of the stocks of the Atlantic Telegraph Company into stock of the Anglo-American Company, at the rate of 16*l.* stock of the Anglo-American Company for 100*l.* ordinary stock of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and 43*l.* stock of the Anglo-American Company per 100*l.* preference stock (whether first or second) of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, the transfer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company's property to the Anglo-American Company, the final dissolution of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and such other, if any, of the purposes of the agreements submitted to this meeting as may be considered to require the sanction of Parliament." The pathos of the occasion may be discovered by the sympathetic even through the stiff official verbiage of this act of dissolution.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company and its wondrous tale forms a chapter in European history. All the elements of romance are contained in it. The great undertaking which Viceroy inaugurated as they say, which two worlds stood breathless with expectation to watch, which failed over and over again only to achieve complete success at the last, which was the fruitful theme of panegyric and congratulation to twice a hundred pens and to many a million of tongues, which the Queen and the President saluted, and which was chronicled by Mr. Russell, has exhaled with a perfume anything but delicate in a back room at the London Tavern. Poet and preacher and orator, men of science and men of action, have for many a year made the patriotic deeds and the noble spirit of the Atlantic Telegraph Company the pregnant theme of their tallest talk and their most grandiloquent rhetoric, but not an elegy has been composed on its death, not a funeral wreath has been hung on the tomb of blighted hopes, of ruined prospects, and of sacrifices made for the public weal. If in any slight degree we are enabled, not to point the moral, nor

to adorn the melancholy tale, but simply to recall what this Company has done and what its end is, we may be discharging a double duty. We wish, first, to do an act of justice to some benefactors of the human race whose good deeds have been thrown away; and next, to suggest to all whom it may concern—when, as at the present moment, there is so much loose British cash crying out for investment, that for 12,000,000*l.* stock offered in the new Russian loan, and of which only one half can be allotted in this country, 140,000,000*l.* were applied and actually subscribed for, and when new Submarine Telegraphs are floated, not in the sea but in the Stock Market, every week—that the first ocean telegraph on a large scale, the best, and for a time a profitable concern, which had for its customers only the two greatest commercial communities on the earth, may, and in fact has, come to utter ruin.

The public memory, especially of contemporary events, is unretentive; we must therefore recall the prominent events in the history of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. On August 5, 1857—we were then in the thick of the Indian Mutiny—the shore end of the Atlantic Telegraph was fixed with much ceremony at Valentia, and in Lord Carlisle's presence, the *Agamemnon*, British man-of-war, and the *Niagara*, American frigate, being in charge. Six days afterwards the cable snapped in the act of paying out. In June 1858 the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* again renewed the work, and again the cable broke. But when did British perseverance and British skill succumb to the elements and a hostile Jove? In August of the same year the same gallant ships began their work afresh, and in spite of hair-breadth escapes the great work was achieved, and the cable was successfully laid. On August 16 Her Gracious Majesty the Queen of England and the President of the United States exchanged polite, and if we remember rightly religious, words and pious wishes. Two worlds were at a fever height of congratulation—but lo! another disappointment and failure. Science somehow had not quite attained its perfect work; the signals became fainter and fainter, the electric throb weaker and weaker, and the mighty creature—for one could hardly think of the cable as less than a sentient being—sighed on its oozy bed, and gave up the ghost. This untoward event took the breath out of the projectors and shareholders, and it was not till 1865 that the *Great Eastern*, accompanied by the *Sphinx* and *Terrible*, on July 23 renewed the desperate contest. All went on pretty well till August 2, "a day," writes Mr. Russell, chronicler and writer of tall talk to the expedition, "sad and memorable in the annals of Atlantic telegraphy." The cable was once more broken and caught, and lost and caught again, and finally lost; 1,200 miles of it lost and sunk, never, as it was thought, to be recovered.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,

Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave,

and the *Great Eastern* returned, if Leviathan can so return, with its tail between its legs. It now became a sheer battle between fate and the Company, and they fought it out as in a sawpit. On July 27, 1866, we were all electrified in every sense with the news of the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph. Never was such a demonstration of national joy. Not contented with laying the new cable, the expedition successfully raised the submerged rope of 1865, and successfully relaid it. On the 19th of September Captain Anderson arrived at Liverpool with more triumph than Drake sailed into Plymouth, and on October 1 Sir Stafford Northcote announced the baroneting of Mr. Gooch, Chairman of the Company, and the knighting of Captain Anderson, Messrs. Thomson, Glass, and Canning, the chief heroes and demigods of the telegraphic Argonauts. From those happy days to this the Atlantic Telegraph has been in complete order.

All this was very fine, very noble, very patriotic. A new era had been begun, and the Millennium was all but at work. *Astræa* had returned, and perpetual peace and amity, notwithstanding *Alabama* claims, had been established between two great countries. But what about the shareholders? and where had the money come from? Two or three abortive expeditions, two cables instead of one, *Agamemnons* and *Great Easterns*—these little matters cost a little money. Somehow or other, and the story is too long to tell, another Company, the Anglo-American, got into existence, and a contract, or rather act of submission, was concluded between the two Companies, dated May 1868, by which the Anglo-American Company got a considerable share of the Atlantic Company's profits. When the cable of 1865 broke, the Atlantic Company were unable to raise more capital; they were forced to get assistance as they could; "at that time the Anglo-American came into existence, and the arrangement which gave them an absolute preference of 125,000*l.* on the earnings of the cable was concluded." So says the present Chairman of the Atlantic. Very good Samaritans the Anglo-Americans were, and their charity has been repaid into their own bosoms or breeches-pockets. It was the old story of the cuckoo in the hedge-sparrow's nest; the hedge-sparrow representing 1,400,000*l.* and the cuckoo representing a poor 500,000*l.* The Atlantic Company was also bound to subsidize another rival, the Newfoundland Company. Nor was this all. Everything and everybody conspired against the Atlantic Company. The success, such as it was, of the unfortunate Atlantic stimulated our French neighbours. They laid a cable too, and with consummate skill entered into a vigorous competition with England. The result was that for the Atlantic Telegraph to exist at all—that is, to pay the preference dividend of 125,000*l.* to the cuckoo of the Anglo-American, to pay its own preference shareholders a stipulated 8 per cent. and the ordinary

shareholders 4 per cent., and to pay the Newfoundland Company—there was wanted a receipt of 670*l.* per day. During the month of May, 1869, they actually did earn 689*l.* per day. But this was on the original tariff of 3*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* On June 1, thanks to impending French competition, the Atlantic Company was forced to reduce its price to 2*l.* per message. The earnings sank to 499*l.* per day. In August the French Company began to work. The Atlantic was forced to come down to 30*s.* per message, and during the first five months of active competition the earnings sank to 411*l.*, and are now at 390*l.*, per day. The problem before the Atlantic was how to make less than 400*l.* pay charges for which 670*l.* is required. The Directors could not see their way, neither could the public see it for them, and their shares—100*l.* original 4 per cent. Stock—are now quoted from 14*l.* to 16*l.*, and the 8 per cent. preference at 43*l.* to 45*l.*, while the Anglo-American, which had got the cream of the thing, found their original 10*l.* shares worth 19*l.*

The only possible course for the miserable Atlantic Company was to amalgamate with the Anglo-American and the Newfoundland in the first instance. Of course a wrangle ensued about terms; the Anglo-American, with much Christian charity, proposed to give the bankrupt Atlantic nothing at all; but a fortunate legal impediment intervened, and the Atlantic shareholders have been relieved from the last necessity of executing the Happy Despatch. The terms, however, with which they have been forced to comply are those dictated in the spirit of Brennus. As their Chairman pathetically expresses it, "If the Atlantic Directors could have seen one glimmer of hope for the future they would not have assented to the present agreement." The terms agreed upon for fusion of the two Companies are that for every 100*l.* original stock of the Atlantic, all paid, the Atlantic shareholders shall receive 16*l.* stock of the Anglo-American. That is to say, the Atlantic Company is to cease to exist, to be absorbed, after having written off 1,000,000*l.* of its capital as a direct loss sunk in the pitiless ocean; and its shareholders, for every 100*l.* paid, are to be credited with just 16*l.* No doubt this is better than nothing; and that the Atlantic shareholders have rescued even the skin of the chestnut from the fire is a matter of congratulation—cold comfort, but some comfort. Their partners of the Anglo-American had turned against them; all the rats had left the sinking ship; the French Company was harassing them with a fierce competition; the American people were threatening to give the Frenchmen ample opportunities to make the competition even more severe; the revenue was decreasing month by month, and, as an American cable was "looming in the distance," to increase the tariff was simply impossible. What it is hoped to get on the combined earnings of all the working English cables at present prices and profits is a dividend of eight or nine per cent., which is pretty pickings to the Anglo-American shareholders whose 10*l.* shares are quoted to-day, and somewhat the reverse to the Atlantic shareholders whose 100*l.* has been sweated down to 14–16*l.* Whether this estimated eight or nine per cent. will ever be realized by the combined Companies is quite another matter, and we shall not discuss it. The combination of the British and Newfoundland Companies, we ought to have said, has been followed by an agreement with the French Company, and the present situation is that the public are at the mercy of this formidable union, the respective members of which, as usual, have tried competition long enough, and now agree on a division of profits and united action against the common enemy, the public.

It is the old, old story; we have got the telegraph, and it works every day and all day long, but they who paid for it are ruined. *Sic vos non vobis.* We have stored the honey, but the bees are stifled. We have the fleece and the broadcloth, but the sheep are clipped to the skin and turned out to shiver and starve. There is the golden grain; but what about the patient working oxen—the Atlantic Telegraph shareholders? They have won fame and name, and have lost eighty-four per cent. of their capital. They have been awarded the lot which always attends the pioneers and settlers of a new and rich country. Their money has gone where Clarence in his dream saw

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

The wreck is complete; even their own Chairman, at the meeting convened to settle the terms of suicide, held a murderous pistol at the heads of the reluctant shareholders. "There will be no preference shareholders"; for the past "there is nothing to come to anybody I can promise you"—and as to the future, as he expressed it with a not reassuring difference, but with a most pious and damnable iteration, "I ought not to fail to add that all hope or prospect of any dividend whatever during any future time is absolutely destroyed for this Company; this is really what I believe, and therefore we bring this proposition before you." The shareholders assented much as gentlemen at the gallows accept Calcraft's ministrations. And so ends the famous Atlantic Telegraph Company. *Respicite finem: respicite finem.*

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

NEXT Thursday will show whether the doctrines of Manchester or Birmingham are to predominate in the Government Education Bill. The fact that the question has been taken up this Session, and still more perhaps that the Bill is to be intro-

duced when the Session is not much more than a week old, makes it probable that no very radical changes are in contemplation. The country is not yet identified with the Education League—except in the opinion of its own members; and even if the Cabinet are prepared to adopt Mr. Dixon's programme, there is a great deal to be done before the House of Commons can be trusted to do the same. The line of demarcation between Denominationalists and anti-Denominationalists coincides but very partially with that between Conservatives and Liberals, and for this reason it will be dangerous to place much reliance on the constraining force of party discipline. There are many Liberal members who, on an educational division, will wander into an independence which will seem all the sweeter from the extent to which it has to be laid aside in the greater contests of the Session. This consideration alone is likely to make the Government Bill more or less of a compromise between the two opposing sections of the educational public. Neither the League nor the Union will have any opportunity for unalloyed self-congratulation. The attitude of the Bill towards Denominational schools is sure to be less antagonistic than that which finds favour at Birmingham; the recognition of the need for additional machinery to meet the numerous cases for which the present system cannot provide will certainly be more frank than that accorded at Manchester.

The speeches at the Conference summoned by the Society of Arts last Monday are evidence that the religious difficulty is not incapable of solution, provided only—and a very large provision it is—that fanatics on each side will keep out of the way. Among the fanatics on the side of secularism we regret to be obliged to class those very well-meaning gentlemen who avow themselves the advocates of religion without theology. Mr. Rogers says that the religion taught in primary schools must be "general," in other words, "virtue and morality"—elements which, from his statement that nothing would do more good to the Church of England than the abolition of Church schools, are not, it is to be inferred, comprised in the particular religion of which Mr. Rogers is a minister. Mr. Samuel Morley thinks it our duty to exclude from Government aid new Denominational schools; but, if we understand him rightly, religion only becomes Denominational—at least objectionably Denominational—when it includes "the instruction of children generally in the fasts and festivals of the Church of England." In most cases we suspect the only "festivals" with which school children have much acquaintance are Easter Monday and the annual school excursion, and, though the observance of the former is certainly based on dogma, it may be doubted whether in either case the learning of the scholars on the subject embraces anything more sectarian than buns and covered vans. On the other side Mr. Cromwell insisted that there could be no morality without religion, and no religion without reading the Bible—a logical ladder which makes it clear that the children of Jews and Roman Catholics must be in a very bad way indeed. A truly remarkable grasp of the controversy was shown by Sir John Pakington, who pronounced for an unsectarian education grounded on universal instruction in the Apostles' Creed. After this we shall hardly be surprised if Mr. Rogers takes an early opportunity of explaining that in "virtue and morality" he includes the Thirty-nine Articles.

The shape which a compromise as to the Denominational difficulty will naturally assume was suggestively stated by the Dean of Canterbury. The principles to be reconciled, he said, were these—the obligation of the State to take care that every child shall be religiously educated, and the absence of any right on the part of the State to point out the particular religion in which he shall be educated. The form in which the first of these principles is here laid down is decidedly exaggerated. At a later point in the Conference the Dean himself found fault with an amendment throwing on the State the duty of providing the means of religious instruction, on the ground that it was something like the endowment of all denominations. The words "to take care" that every child shall receive religious instruction are open to a nearly similar objection. If the former involve a species of concurrent endowment, the latter involve a species of concurrent establishment. It will be enough if the State, while leaving it to the zeal of the several denominations to provide religious instruction for the children respectively belonging to them, abstain from giving any exceptional advantages to secular schools. We agree with Dr. Barry that, if Government aid be given impartially, religion may be safely as well as fairly left to take care of itself. That the Government has a right to insist upon a conscience clause whenever it sees reason to do so is now admitted by all except a few extreme Denominationalists, but we still hold that it ought to have power to waive this condition in cases where it is plainly unnecessary. If, for example, there are only 1,000 children to be educated in a given district, and of these one-half, being children of Churchmen, are actually attending a Church school which rejects a conscience clause, and the other half are attending a British and Foreign school, what possible advantage will there be in withdrawing the Government grant from the Church school, and either enlarging the Dissenting, or setting up a secular, school in order to educate the 500 children who are already fully provided for by the denomination to which *ex hypothesi* their parents belong. It is not easy to understand the precise position of the Education League with regard to the conscience clause. In the draft Bill to which we have more than once referred a certain minimum of support is promised to Denominational schools which are willing to accept this condition, but the drift of certain propositions stated by the London Committee at

a Conference at Freemasons' Hall is directly opposed even to this amount of concession. The application of any fund, raised by Imperial taxation or local rating, to the maintenance of Denominational schools is alleged to involve the same principle as compulsory Church-rates; and lest the dog should not yet have got a bad enough name, the vulgar type of Protestant prejudice is appealed to, by a special denunciation of Denominationalism, on the plea—openly and shamelessly avowed by an Association which, we presume, considers itself Liberal—that it would enable Roman Catholics to get a fairer share than they now enjoy of the funds devoted to education.

At this moment it is probable that the principle of raising these funds by local rates commands a decided majority among educational politicians. We confess to very grave doubts whether the result of such a system will at all justify the expectations of its supporters. The theory on which it rests is, that local payment means local interest and local experience. The inhabitants of each district are supposed to be best acquainted with its educational wants, and to be most concerned in having them supplied. If some one else had to find the money, this consideration would have great force. Supposing a grant were to be obtained from some Imperial fund, the inhabitants would no doubt show the most enlightened zeal for the intellectual improvement of the children around them. But when the rates will have to be assessed and paid by the same people that have the laying out of them, the one object that is likely to be kept in view will be the reduction of the sum levied to the lowest attainable level. Local management ensures that common-place kind of economy which consists in spending as little as possible, but it rarely secures anything else. It has worked well on the whole in the administration of the Poor-law, because a very strict limitation of expenditure is here of immense importance, and in no other way perhaps could this great end be attained with equal certainty. But a simple limitation of outlay is not all that is wanted in education. At present there is rather a call for judicious liberality. The experience of the Poor Law Board may serve to show how rare a virtue this is either in ratepayers or Guardians; and if the absence of it is occasionally felt even in a sphere where it is by no means a primary necessity, it is likely to be felt far more severely in a sphere where, at all events for some time to come, the purse will have to be kept constantly open. Nor is this the only warning that may be derived from this source. Nowhere has Protestant intolerance shown itself in a more aggravated form than among Poor-law Guardians. The central authorities have had continual conflicts with them in order to obtain the minimum of religious liberty for Roman Catholic paupers, and have only, even with the aid of Parliament, achieved a partial success. If Denominational schools are preserved, and the duty of assisting them is entrusted to the administrators of a local rate, the Education Office will have just as much trouble in seeing that unpopular denominations get fair play as has already fallen to the share of the Poor Law Board. Before the provision of educational funds is deliberately thrown upon local rates, we should be glad to see some safeguard provided against the almost uniform tendency of local administration to err on the side of stinginess or of bigotry.

ZADKIEL FOR 1870.

IT is now forty years since Zadkiel, Tao Sze, published his first almanac. If it be true that seventy thousand copies have been already printed of the almanac for 1870, we are forced to the bitter conclusion that, whether or not there are more, there are undoubtedly some seventy thousand fools in the world who can read English and can spare sixpence; though we ought perhaps to make a slight subtraction from the gross number in favour of the few who buy *Zadkiel's Almanac* for the same reason as they buy *Punch's*. That the purchasers are presumed to have their wits on some topics is evident from the portions of this almanac which are common to all such serials—transfer and dividend days, tables to cast up expenses, tables to calculate interest, stamp duties, regulations respecting elections, and the like. Indeed it is not impossible that many of the purchasers regard the sooth-saying portions as the necessary supplement to the ordinary portions. For instance, there is a table of "Lunar Influences" for every month, in which the provident lender is told on what days of the month it is safe to make a loan to "merchants, bankers, and clergymen." Whenever it is lucky to deal with either of these classes, you may deal with them all. "Surgeons, military men, and cutlers" are also invariably lumped together, we suppose because they all use (or did largely use when Zadkiel began to prognosticate) cold steel. "Lawyers, booksellers, and printers" form another trinity; and "farmers and old folk," possibly from their common conservatism, are tied together in luck on four days of every month. It seems also that lunatics—we mean persons who attend to "lunar influences"—must always avoid engaging female servants on the same day that they send children to school, and they must never visit or invite friends on the day they apprentice a youth; they must not "ask favours" on the days they may "woo," and they must beware never to "marry" on some of the days on which they may "begin new undertakings." We turn to St. Valentine's Day, 1870, to see if it will be a safe day to make an offer. But Zadkiel will not commit himself; he merely inscribes this line—"14th. Valentine. Why should not the young write love-letters?" We dare not think that the question implies hearty approval, for he tells us that the 5th, 18th, 22nd, and 27th will

be the lucky days in February 1870 for writing letters. It is an awkward fact, true we find in every month, that the luckiest days for writing letters are always those days in which—if we spend them rightly—writing is often difficult and sometimes impossible, for the 5th, 18th, 22nd, and 27th are days which (if we mean to be harmonious lunatics) we shall use for travelling. We are pleased to discover, after a searching comparison of the days of the month on which we ought to do our travelling with the days of the week, that the Moon is a very strict Sabbatarian, and that, although she does not herself take any rest on that day, no lunar luck can ever follow the human Sunday traveller. But there is great comfort in the thought that it will be lucky in June 1870 to woo on Sunday—perhaps it was the day on which she first saw Endymion—that it will be quite lunar in the February of this year to deal on Sunday with "surgeons, military men, and cutlers," though we suppose this luck may be realized without violating the Sabbath, by merely fetching the doctor, by inviting a Life-guardsmen to tea, or by using a new carving-knife at dinner.

Speculators who deal chiefly in foreign stocks will find little assistance from the monthly "Lunar Influences." They must turn to the monthly "Voice of the Stars." At the end of January we find "Mars transiting the place of the Sun with Abd-ul-Aziz, which excites him"—either Mars, the Sun, or the Sultan—"and breeds fires and quarrels in Turkey. On the 8th of this month Mars will pass over the Moon's place in the nativity of the Emperor of the French. This will move him to anger, and he may now feel some ill-blood towards the King of Prussia, who will this spring be very ready to pick a quarrel with him." "The King of Sweden's health will improve." "The Imperial Prince must beware of colds, and keep his chest dry and warm; also let him avoid some rather serious hurt or accident to his leg." In March the King of Italy "may expect all martial affairs to go wrong with him." Though we are no prognosticators, we can look backward; and we believe that we can thus calculate without much difficulty the time in 1869 in which Zadkiel was prognosticating for 1870. How Zadkiel has discovered the peculiar relations in which particular princes stand to the stars is easy enough to see; he starts from their birthdays. But it is harder to see the reasons which connect particular nations and cities with particular signs of the Zodiac. For instance, there is some secret affinity between London and Gemini. In May "Mercury stationary in Gemini denotes abundant activity and general success also for London and the Londoners." In June "Mars, Jupiter, and Mercury have now possession of Gemini, which rules, among other places, the City of London; some exciting scenes will occur therein." On the 24th of July "Mars will leave Gemini, and the old City of London have peace." In August "Jupiter is in Gemini, and would shower down some benefits on London, Egypt, and America, but unfortunately he meets the opposition of Saturn on the 21st, and as the Moon is also with him (Jupiter) that day, there will be troubles in those places; some great failure among the merchant princes may be feared, and other evils affect the honour and credit of the Great City." Although the Twins figured in Zadkiel's calendar for May look like Hercules and Apollo, as the one bears a club and the other a lyre and a bow, we begin to suspect that Gog and Magog must be the true Gemini.

We turn anxiously to the Tao Sze's pages for a little consolation and light upon the three topics of which we are thinking so much and foreseeing so little—Ireland, the Education question, and the Council of the Vatican. Zadkiel is provokingly silent as to the two latter, great part as they must perforce play in the year 1870; unless indeed the vague prediction for October—"that this month will witness some remarkable squabbles among Churchmen, in which the spirit of Christian charity will play a subordinate part"—be a prophecy of some climax in the history of the Council. Grateful for little gifts, we are pleased to hear that charity will play any part at all. As for Ireland, however, there is scarcely a month of 1870 in which the "Voice of the Stars" will not tell us a great deal about it. Ireland holds much the same relation to Taurus, it appears, as London, Egypt, and America hold to Gemini. Only get Taurus well by the tail, cleave fast to him as he rushes wildly across the field of 1870, and we shall learn the great joys and woes which are awaiting Ireland. The year "opens with the mighty Jove stationary in exactly eleven degrees of the sign Taurus. This bespeaks many advantages to Ireland." In March "Jupiter still steadily moves on in Taurus, wherein he benefits Ireland in many ways." In April he "is moving on placidly in Taurus," so that "Ireland, Persia, Asia Minor, the Archipelago, and also Dublin, Palermo, &c. [it is cruel to the nations or cities included in this suggestive " &c." not to mention them by name, so that they may stand on tiptoe for their coming luck] may look for prosperity and peace, more especially near the end of this month, when Mercury joins Jupiter and brings his power into action." Is not Jupiter the *Times*? And is that paper to be subsidized in the end of April by a Liberal Ministry, truly represented (as Mr. Newdegate would say) by the "loose" or Liberal god of thieves? Or is Jupiter the High Court of Parliament which is to pass the "mercenary" Irish Land Bill of the Liberals, and bring Ireland its few days of prosperity and peace? Alas, in May "Jupiter finally quits Taurus on the ninth, and we perceive that Mars [probably a Saxon army] has entered the sign. The latter planet will excite the people of Ireland [as a red coat is sure to excite a bull], and we shall hear of acts of violence there, and some bloodshed, before the month be grown old." But with June, happily, "Mars

leaves Taurus on the tenth, and Venus is therein." We know the power of the ladies with the Irishman, and so are not surprised to hear that "this leaves Ireland in a less excited condition." As there is nothing further prognosticated about Ireland during the six remaining months of 1870, we conclude that the country will enjoy six months' quiet. Nevertheless, after tracing the fate of Ireland in the stars we are still somewhat in a maze, one fact alone being quite clear to us—and, we may add, quite new—that the Taurus in the zodiac is, astrologically speaking, an Irish Bull.

There are no less than eighty-four pages in this sixpenny almanac, which is (with the exception of the few items common to all almanacs) one mass of nonsense and brazen assertion from its impudent "preface" to the "hieroglyphic for 1870" with which it closes. Zadkiel is more angry than ever with the two enemies of "astral science," the astronomers and the newspaper-writers. The former are the slaves of the deluded theorizer Newton. He tries to make the latter blush by confronting them with "all the millions of mankind throughout the East, all the astute Indians, the intelligent ancients, all the living men of Persia, the acute Arabians, the Buddhists who number one-third of all the men who live on earth, the staid students of Turkey, and all the Mahometans," all of whom "avow, declare, and insist upon the reality and great utility of the science of the stars." He recommends his readers, "since the doors of the press are closed against astrology," to give away an almanac now and then. He has an apologetic chapter on "Fulfilled Predictions, 1868 and 1869," from which we select the following samples:—

Some great stroke of policy in favour of the rights, liberties, and wealth of England. (April, *Almanac* 1869.)

Jupiter brings a steady flow of prosperity on Ireland as he moves slowly forward on the sign Taurus. (June 1869.)

Some Secretary of State will be accused of malversation, and may even be brought to trial for the same. (*Almanac* 1869, p. 40.)

What words could more tersely express the great stroke of policy in the Irish Church Bill?

The remarkable state of peace in Ireland was no doubt connected with the great majorities in favour of the Church Bill.

A number of public characters had such charges brought against them; notably some Clerks in the Admiralty, and the Overend and Gurney men, and several others.

Zadkiel is a "Tao Sze." The uninstructed may wonder what a "Tao Sze" is, and who makes a man one, and what the process is by which he can become something so mysterious and august. Light is thrown on this high dignity in an article in the present almanac headed "The Most Ancient Order of the Suastica, or the Brotherhood of the Mystic Cross." This order is older by more than a thousand years than Christendom, and was founded by "the great teacher Foe in the confines of Thibet." Rich as the account of the order is, it is too long to quote, and to summarize it would spoil its beauty, so we must content ourselves with merely stating the constituents of the order. These are "three degrees; first, the Apprentice Brothers," whose chief duty appears to be the wearing of "a blue silk riband"; secondly, the awful "Tao Sze, or Doctors of Reason," amongst whom when they are gathered together sits Zadkiel; thirdly, "the Grand Master," who is elected by the Doctors of Reason when they can be gathered together. That this gathering together does not often occur we infer from the close of the article:—"The meetings of the Most Ancient Order of the Suastica are presided over by the Grand Master, or, in his absence, by one of the Tao Sze. These officers and others will be elected by the brotherhood, so soon as a sufficient number are enrolled. The expenses of the order will be met by an annual payment of half a guinea by each Apprentice Brother, and one guinea by each Tao Sze, aided by donations from the goodwill of the brethren and others. For further particulars apply to Zadkiel, Tao Sze."

We should like to know whether the numerous "Hindoo, Gentoo, Parsee, Singhalese, Chinese, and Japanese Tao Sze" acknowledge the orders of their Anglican brother: or whether he is only a Tao Sze in the sense that M. Ferrette is Bishop of Iona and Mr. Lyne a Benedictine abbot.

GOVERNESSES.

THE most frequent complaint of the ladies who give prominence to their grievances, and of the gentlemen who advocate their claims, turns on the fact that educated gentlewomen have hardly any other profession than that of teaching. And, notwithstanding the small encroachments made by the one sex upon the professions of the other, the advertisement columns of the daily papers attest the general truth of the assertion. To judge by these, every other lady from the age of eighteen to forty is consumed by a burning zeal to instruct children and young ladies. Where there is such an ample announcement of educational materials, one naturally supposes that there has been a corresponding preparation in working them up for use. One naturally loves to ponder on the hard and deep study by which the female youth of England is qualifying itself to indoctrinate the female youth of a coming generation with the elements of polite and useful knowledge. One fancies in one's own mind the pale and elegant female student retiring to her school-room and her books; storing her mind with the contents of innumerable authors, now enriching it with historical knowledge and now strengthening it with philosophical lore. One fancies her varying

the labour of domestic study by occasional visits to the lecture-room, and confirming the lessons of her books by the instructions of living oracles. While a pleasant admiration of female industry and intelligence thus warms his mind, the complacent father of young daughters decides on engaging a governess. The opportunities of doing so are innumerable. Either private negotiation or an official agency supplies them in abundance. Distrust of his own discernment, or of his ability to bow out any young lady who seems resolutely bent on educating his children, induces him to try the agency. He there sees a ladylike and businesslike person, who asks his requirements and promises to meet them. The next day his door resounds with the successive knocks of competing and self-confident young women. In they walk, of all heights, breadths, and dresses. First, a flaunting chit, with a cock's feather in her hat and a defiant glance in her eye, pronounces herself at once equal to the whole course of an English education. Her only weak point, according to her own account, is her ignorance of English, of which she appears to have read nothing since she left school. To compensate for this defect she has a valuable acquaintance with French, which, with collateral acquirements, she has picked up in the cheaper boarding-houses of Paris and Tours. Then she has learned singing under Madame Squallini, and the piano under M. Frappetot, together with a self-possession of manner which rather dismays Paterfamilias. Fortunately the knocks at the door come to his rescue, and the entrance of another apostle of education puts an end to an interview which was beginning to be oppressive. The new visitor is quite a contrast to her predecessor. She is easy, composed, somewhat reserved, and very patronizing. She takes her seat with something like a resigned air, as if she knew she was intended for better things. She lets her interrogator know at once—by manner rather than by words—that she is a person of eminently genteel antecedents; that her mother is very fastidious, and her uncle a swell. But as she too plainly implies that teaching is a condescension on her part, she is finally bowed out with a promise that she "shall hear again." Then enters a young-looking thing, with gaiety and vulgarity struggling for mastery in every gesture, feature, and attitude. When she does not laugh, she giggles. Every answer is half a giggle. She looks upon the whole proceeding, on her own profession and everything connected with it, as a joke. Can she teach? "Oh yes!" and she laughs. Has she taught before? "Oh yes!" and she laughs again. Has she taught much? "Oh no; not much!" and here she laughs. What has she taught? "Oh, French and English." Here another giggle. What French? "Oh, the grammar." Anything more? "Oh yes, La Fontaine's Fables." Anything else? "No!" and here she necessarily giggles. What English? "Oh, Mangnall, Mrs. Markham, and Blair's Sermons, and the Spectator." Is she strong in arithmetic? "Oh no!" and here she fairly explodes, as if the mere suggestion of knowing arithmetic well was really too good a joke. Is she *au fait* at history? Could she set questions on the leading events of English history? "With a book, yes; but without a book, she fears, not. But she will try." On this she goes off into a fit of hilarity. Finally she retires, as she probably expected, without being engaged. The lady who is finally selected obtains the preference rather for her negative than her positive qualifications. She is not learned, nor clever, but neither is she bold, hoydenish, or offensive. After the work of instruction has continued for a month, the father proceeds to inquire into its conduct and results. He then finds that the ignorance of the teacher is something incredible; that she can teach by rote, or with her books at hand; but that every question put by an intelligent child as to the why and wherefore of rules given, or the meaning of terms used, is met by professions of ignorance or equivocating evasions. In many cases this is not the worst. The mind of the governess is often as vacant as that of the pupil, while it is a good deal less active and inquiring. Moreover, it has been dulled into listlessness by the pressure of poverty, dependence, and routine. It has, therefore, been forced to take refuge in the excitement of small gossip and petty scandals; and the influence of such associations is felt in the daily conversations between pupil and teacher. Sometimes it is found that the governess has been amusing her pupil with anecdotes of her servant's ignorance or misconduct; at other times, ghost stories and other appeals to the superstitious sentiment are the subjects of her communications. And it is not seldom a matter of congratulation that she has at least forborne from enlightening the child's mind on matters of love-making and elopement. A more frequent and innocent topic of self-complacent exposition is the prosperity of former days, the state in which her father lived, the servants and horses which he kept, and the friends whom he entertained. Between the abundance of talk and the dearth of instruction, the child grows up without knowledge of any one of the subjects on which a lady ought to have some information, and incapable of talking rationally on anything except dress, dancing, and perhaps music. She grows up also familiar with silly gossip, low notions, narrow views, and vulgar prejudices. To this miserable pretence of education we owe that annual crop of pretty and full-blown dolls, with bright eyes and complexions, buxom figures and rich dresses, who talk slang with fast men, frighten all reasonable men, and finally marry grooms, spendthrifts, or loosish *habitués* of the Stock Exchange.

We are speaking here of the average run of the governesses who train the children of middle-class parents, and who are known only through the medium of agencies and advertisements. These ladies have no qualification, because they have had no

education, for the duties which they profess to undertake. Indeed, we believe that the managers of the more respectable agencies are sometimes startled by the naïve repudiation of all knowledge of their profession on the part of the young ladies who seek pupils. Their ideal is just as low as their attained standard of qualification. It is not unusual, we believe, for one of these candidates to premise her application somewhat in this way:—"Oh, Mrs. Blank, I have not been out before, and I don't wish papa to know that I am looking for a situation; but I want to earn a little pocket-money, and I should not mind taking a pupil or two for a couple of hours in the day." It is unnecessary to say that no respectable agency office would recommend a candidate of this kind. But probably they do manage to obtain situations, and it is easy to foretell the results to any child who is brought into daily contact with a teacher who combines pretension with prevarication. Even some of the better samples of the second order of governesses are not above despising the work which they undertake, and descend to the subterfuge of concealing their occupation from their intimate friends. We believe it sometimes happens that young ladies spoil by this false shame and scorn of an honest occupation meet and commence an acquaintance at Bath, Brighton, or Cheltenham, under the mutual delusion that each has an independent fortune. The acquaintance ripens into intimacy, with the hope of being afterwards continued in London. They do meet in London, but it is at a fashionable school agency, and each is revealed to the other as depending on her own exertions for her daily bread. From that moment mutual respect vanishes. Each hates the other for a simulation of which both are guilty; and each despises the other for being of the same profession as herself. What can young girls be expected to turn out, after having been trained by teachers such as these? Yet the average course of middle-class education is conducted under such auspices. And such the teachers will continue to be until teaching is forbidden as a profession to all ladies who cannot produce some authoritative certificate of aptitude and preparation. At the present day the best governesses are found among those who, born in a superior class of society, cultivated knowledge for its own sake, and with no idea of ever being compelled to impart it for gain, but whom a change of fortune has driven into the ranks of governesses. Such teachers, however, are generally snapped up by families who knew them in more prosperous days, and who appreciate not only their attainments but their virtues.

We should be guilty of injustice if we closed this article without a few words of sympathy and kindness for those women who labour to earn, not bread or pocket-money for themselves, but bread or luxuries for some beloved relation. And these do deserve great sympathy. Possibly they know very little; possibly they never learned much; and they may have forgotten much of what they ever knew. They may be ignorant of French, and nearly as ignorant of English; incapable of drawing a map of England, or of giving offhand the names of the English Kings. They cannot impart much learning to our children. But there is no child who will not be the better for daily contact with a woman who trudges persistently in heat and cold, rain, wind, and snow, to teach, however imperfectly, the elements of knowledge, in order that an infirm mother may obtain some little luxury, or a blind sister be maintained in her own house; too often perhaps that an idolized and selfish brother may be pampered at the cost of exertions which his poor and rapid nature will not allow him to appreciate. When one sees women of this kind going through their daily routine of toil and self-denial, we pardon them their shortcomings, but we regret still more, for their own sake, the absence of that training which might have made their acquirements more precious, while it would have redeemed the profession of a governess from the disrespect which has been cast upon it mainly by the absurd egotism and pitiful vanity of its own presumptuous and ill-qualified members.

COLUMBIA MARKET.

THE most wonderful sight in London is perhaps the market which Miss Coutts has built at Bethnal Green for the accommodation of the dwellers in the square which she has also built. An irreverent and matter-of-fact observer might perhaps be tempted to apply to what he saw the epithet "Coutts's Folly," and certainly our respect for the founder's motive, and the utmost effort of our powers of imagination, will not enable us to discover any prospect of bringing custom to this market unless Miss Coutts will give the money which is to buy the commodities which are exposed for sale. This market was opened with imposing ceremony on the 28th of last April, and it would be ludicrous, if it were not melancholy, to contrast the description in the newspapers of what was intended to be done with our own observation of what has been done in the ensuing period. We find, on reference to the *Times*, that the highest style of writing was brought to bear on the occasion. We are told that one of the most munificent and beautiful gifts ever offered to the poor of London had been inaugurated at Bethnal Green. We are doubtful whether we ought to understand that the inaugural function was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury or by Miss Coutts, or by both. But we cannot help thinking that if the Archbishop professed to believe in the prosperity of Columbia Market he must have felt very like an augur in the enlightened age of Pagan Rome. This "almost cathedral pile," as the *Times* calls it, cost upwards of 200,000*l.*, and it was

intended for the inhabitants of Bethnal Green to supply themselves with daily necessities. The comparison to a cathedral pile is made by the *Times* on the authority of a right reverend prelate who came to see the central hall, and said that all it wanted was a pulpit to carry out the notion that it was the nave of a fine church. There is not, and never has been, any trade going on in this central hall; but if there were, we should think that it bore a strong resemblance to that church of which it was once said, "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." We are told again that wherever one turns there is something to attract the eye and please the taste, and we may add that this is undeniably true, inasmuch as at this moment the hall contains neither cowheel nor tripe. We are invited to admire the skill with which a magnificent series of buildings has been adapted to a market, and we feel that the only thing that is now necessary is that the market should adapt itself to the buildings. A splendid receptacle has been constructed for the trade of Bethnal Green, and the sole remaining difficulty is to persuade the trade of Bethnal Green to occupy it. The hall is surrounded by shops lined with polished Irish marble, and above these runs a gallery in which flowers, fruit, and vegetables may be sold. We may convey a notion of what the projectors of this market hope to realize if we request readers to imagine that Clare Market were removed to the side aisles of Westminster Abbey. The gates of the market-house are masterpieces of wrought iron-work. The corridors are roofed with carved groined arches of polished teak. Every pillar is of polished granite, and the capital of every pillar is a little chapter of ornament in itself. Amid all this bewildering magnificence a few butchers and greengrocers, a stationer and a grocer, look very much like Mr. Toole in *Uncle Dick* when he visits in his dream the splendid mansion of his married niece. Indeed we should think that the tradesmen we have enumerated must sometimes feel as if they were dreaming when they contemplate the grandeur of the "palatial market" in which they attempt to carry on their trades. It will not, we hope, excite surprise or disappointment among the admirers of this noble edifice to learn that only one stationer has opened shop in it, and he seems at present to be devoting himself principally to the sale of valentines which exemplify an age and style of art very different from those which the builder and his assistants have laboured to recall. There is an attempt to preserve congruity with the building in the characters in which the names of the tradesmen are inscribed over their shops, but it is not carried, as such attempts sometimes are, to the extent of rendering the names illegible. There is a market-house inn and a coffee-house, but we have too much respect for the susceptibilities of the proprietors to inquire whether they are doing any business. The writer in the *Times* intimates a doubt whether a building so fine in its design, so elaborate in its ornamentation, was quite fit for the rough-and-ready purposes of a market; but he answers himself by remarking that Miss Coutts wished it and Miss Coutts paid for it. We are told that the ornamental work was done not so much for its own sake as to give employment to skilled artisans at a time of depressed trade, and we ought not perhaps to demand any stronger demonstration of its utility than could be furnished in regard to many of the public works which were undertaken in Ireland during the famine. We may perhaps wonder that the bounty of Miss Coutts should have taken this particular direction. The ornamentations in stone, wood, and iron which have been bestowed so profusely on this building might have been employed where they would not have been so manifestly useless and incongruous as they are here. The architects of our time have contrived to spend more money than was needed in building churches, but although it may be said that two plain churches are better than one costly church, it can never be said of a church, as we must say of Miss Coutts's market, that it is too splendid for ordinary use.

A proposal has now been made to utilize this noble building, by converting it into a wholesale fish-market, for which its proximity to the Great Eastern Railway Terminus is thought to render it specially convenient. It must not, however, be assumed that another such market is required merely because Billingsgate Market is overcrowded. It is quite true that carriers have been summoned before magistrates for obstructing the streets adjoining Billingsgate, and have defended themselves by stating, as the fact was, that their waggons were loaded with fish which they were carrying as nearly to market as intervening obstacles would permit. The traffic of Covent Garden Market overflows into all the adjoining streets, and the police appear to sanction the same practice of obstruction by which penalties are incurred at Billingsgate. But it does not follow that the superabundant traffic of Covent Garden Market could be diverted into any structure, however magnificent, that might be erected in another part of London. The fish supply which comes by railway, whether to the Great Eastern or any other terminus, might be carried to Bethnal Green with at least as much facility as exists for carrying it to Billingsgate. But it must be remembered that a large part of the fish supply of London comes, and is always likely to come, by water. The fishing vessels which belong to the East coast, when they have taken as much fish as they can carry, can reach the Thames as easily as Grimsby or Yarmouth. The modern practice is that the fishing vessels are waited on by vessels fitted for the purpose of receiving and carrying fish, and supplied with ice for preserving it, and many of these vessels are propelled by steam. In warm weather fish brought to London in this way has a much better chance of keeping fresh than if it is landed at Grimsby or Yarmouth, and forwarded by railway to London. The

more select sorts and samples of fish do to a considerable extent come by railway, but it is not likely that the first class of business will be diverted from Billingsgate to Bethnal Green, and the bulk of the second class of business depends, we believe, not upon any railway, but upon the Thames. There is of course a difference among seasons of the year and sources of supply, and it may be that some business will be done sometimes at Columbia Market, although we do not think it likely that there will be that large and regular business which we should wish to see. We do not suppose that the mediæval aspect, or the sumptuousness of ornament, or even the strictness of the regulations, of Columbia Market will repel the wholesale fish trade. And although one of Miss Coutts's by-laws prohibits the employment of what is commonly called "Billingsgate," yet it is possible that the modern fish-dealer has learned to carry on business without the perpetual use of either obscenity or imprecations. There can be no harm in trying to make Columbia Market useful, but little encouragement is to be derived from the history of other efforts in the same direction. It was at one time expected that Hungerford Market would divide the fish trade with Billingsgate, but this expectation was not realized, although both markets were accessible by water. Within the last few years the Corporation of the City considered a proposal for partially relieving Billingsgate by opening a fish-market on that waste land in Farringdon Street, popularly called the Ruins, which was for a long time occupied by a market of another kind. But this proposal was not favoured by the trade. It is however possible that, if there were a more accessible supply, there would be a largely increased demand. The vast population which surrounds Bethnal Green would probably consume much more fish than it does if the article could be bought both good and cheap. Many householders would be tempted to send thither if they were sure of marketing advantageously, and the itinerant vendors whom it was originally proposed to supply with trucks at Columbia Market might also be supplied with stock in trade to put upon their trucks. It has been stated that the Great Eastern Railway has prepared vans specially for this market, which have been approved by the fishing interest at Yarmouth; so it may be assumed that the experiment will be fairly tried. We wish that it may succeed; and if it fails, it may be renewed hereafter, whenever circumstances may be more favourable. There is no fear that Columbia Market will go to ruin in the interval. It is as nearly as possible indestructible.

MR. BELLEW'S HAMLET.

IF Mr. Bellew thinks, as he probably does, that he can act Hamlet, why does he not act it in the usual way? If he were a far more skilful reader than he is, he could not produce nearly so good an effect by reading three or four parts as by speaking only one of them himself and allowing the others to be spoken even by actors of very moderate ability. It would be easy to point out passages in Mr. Bellew's reading where only a listener familiar with the text could tell that there was a change of person, or who the new speaker was. There may be more or less of skill or natural aptitude for indicating such changes, but the talent for indicating them might surely be better employed. It is, however, the fact that dramatic reading is popular while the drama is neglected. There is not probably a manager in London who would desire to produce *Hamlet* in his theatre, and yet Mr. Bellew reads *Hamlet* and expects, as we understand, to make his reading profitable. It is true that he goes as far into the province of the actor as is consistent with his wearing ordinary clothes and standing behind a desk, but many other readers do the same. Actors of experience and reputation are indeed content with acting when they act and with reading when they read. But inferior actors and amateurs make the most of the opportunities for acting which are afforded by so-called readings, and although Mr. Bellew as an actor may not be much, yet when he gets into the provinces, where people have few opportunities of attending theatres, it is quite possible that the acting which accompanies his reading may be greatly admired and applauded. The entertainment which he ordinarily gives may be given anywhere, and he gives it at many places where the choice lies between such entertainment and none at all. It is indeed highly probable that he sets the fashion in the provinces and is imitated at penny readings by dramatic amateurs, and even if there were no one else who believed in his histrionic faculty it would still be certain that he believes in it himself. The dramatic amateurs would probably go in for acting even more decidedly than they do, but so long as they suppose themselves to be reading they retain the important privilege of a book, while, at the same time, they can indulge in as much gesticulation as circumstances admit. We can understand Mr. Bellew's success not only in the provinces, but in such places as Brompton and St. John's Wood, because he gives the dwellers in those regions entertainment, so to speak, in their own jugs. The hour suits the household arrangements of the middle-classes, and the place is conveniently accessible from populous roads and squares. As it has not yet occurred to any speculator to build a theatre in Tyburnia or Brompton, the entertainers have the suburbs to themselves. But when Mr. Bellew comes into Langham Place he appears to think that mere reading at a desk will hardly attract people to whom all the theatres are open, and accordingly he supplements his reading by scenery and a company

of actors who move but do not speak. He thus produces a species of entertainment which is unintentionally grotesque.

In order to keep his reading within the prescribed limit of time, Mr. Bellew begins with the second scene of the first act. The curtain draws up as in a regular theatre, and discloses what the programme calls a room of state in Elsinore. The King, Queen, Hamlet, and the Court are very creditably dressed after approved models. Mr. Bellew has previously taken his place at a table in front of the stage, and at a lower level, where he stands facing the audience. He begins to read, "Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death," &c. The King makes a movement to indicate that he is the person to whom the words belong. Presently he arrives at the line, "But now my cousin Hamlet and my son," whereupon Hamlet indicates in like manner that reference is made to him, or, as the fine writers say, that he is the individual alluded to. Soon after Hamlet has to speak, and Mr. Bellew reads the well-known lines beginning "Seems, madam! nay it is. I know not seems," while the figure on the stage accompanies the words by a lackadaisical look and gestures expressive of a conviction that it is all up with the Prince of Denmark. But at the same time Mr. Bellew not only reads, but illustrates his reading by facial play and motion of the hands, and, as far as space will permit, of the legs also; and thus we have one Hamlet acting on the stage, and another on a lower platform in front of it. Mr. Bellew probably knows a good deal of the play by rote, and he has a gigantic book of which we suppose the type is in proportion to the page, so that he is able to see it without looking close, and does not need to use his hand to hold his book or keep his place. Thus he is able, so to speak, to engage his audience two-handed; and when he gets a little excited with his own declamation of Hamlet's speeches he gesticulates with a vigour that makes him appear, as compared with the other Hamlet on the stage, like a very big horse running in double harness with a very little pony. Soon, however, he gets rid of the pony as an encumbrance and runs alone. When the King has finished his last speech down comes the curtain, and Mr. Bellew, now in sole possession of the house, proceeds, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt," &c., while to our great amazement we perceive that the flesh of the other Hamlet actually has melted, or at any rate that he has made himself scarce in a sudden and wholly unexpected way. He lies under no necessity for regretting the existence of a canon against self-slaughter, because Mr. Bellew has taken order for his summary and complete extinction. He probably feels that his position in the firm which carries on the business of Hamlet the Dane resembles that of Mr. Tapley in the house of Chuzzlewit and Co. The senior partner reduces his junior to a cipher, and he undertakes to represent at once, not only Hamlet, but also Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus. Mr. Bellew reads on to the end of the scene, which, however, is almost entirely a dialogue between Hamlet and Horatio, and is not therefore likely to confuse even a listener unread in Shakspeare. At the end of the scene Mr. Bellew retires for a few minutes. We had supposed that Hamlet had been cashiered for incapacity, but it appears that he has suffered only a temporary suspension. The curtain draws up for the fourth scene, "the platform before the castle," and not only Hamlet, but also Horatio and Marcellus, are now upon the stage, and presently there enters to them a ghost in chain armour, who is got up in a style creditable to the management. There is also a brilliant full moon, and if the ghost's shadow falls where it ought not to fall, that is a sort of accident which may happen in any theatre. It may, indeed, be contended that a ghost ought not to cast a shadow anywhere, and this being only a ghost of a ghost, while the reality of the ghost is Mr. Bellew, ought still less to cast a shadow. But we do not feel called upon to discuss a question which belongs at once to natural and supernatural philosophy. We would suggest, however, that the light, whatever it is, that takes the shine out of the moon, should not be turned on quite so strongly, as it makes the ghost look as if he had come on earth to get up an asphaltic company, and had brought with him for chemical analysis a specimen of that purgatorial fire of which he speaks. As the play proceeds, even the Hamlet of the stage catches something of Mr. Bellew's spirit, and at the words "Unhand me, gentlemen," he flourishes his sword with a vigour which we had not suspected him of possessing. It seems, however, that, as Mr. Tapley says, "Co. has been a-putting his foot in it again," for with the disappearance of the ghost down goes the curtain, and Mr. Bellew does Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus, as well as the subterranean ghost, all by himself to the end of the first act. Indeed, Mr. Bellew becomes so much an actor in this scene that he shifts his place by lateral movement, which is the only movement open to him, so as to represent as well as he can Hamlet's shiftings while he administers the oath. It seems to us that if the figures on the stage can be of any use at all they would be of use here. But there is the curtain, and Mr. Bellew in front of it, surpassing the celebrated Cerberus, since he is not only three gentlemen at once, but also a ghost or devil at the same time.

In the third act the Hamlet of the stage does not at first appear. With him to be or not to be is not the question. He exists only at Mr. Bellew's pleasure, and here Mr. Bellew dispenses both with Hamlet and Ophelia. The scene between them, and Ophelia's speech, beginning "Oh! what a noble mind is her o'erthrown," are read with the curtain down. It may be that the young lady who personates Ophelia when she has nothing to say is not equal to looking as if she were saying something, and perhaps she might have

assumed a wooden and unsympathizing aspect which would have contrasted rather too absurdly with Mr. Bellew's pathetic utterance of her speech. But we should like to know the principle, if there be a principle, which regulates the movements of these animated puppets. Perhaps the curtain is let down in order to begin setting the next scene, or perhaps the King, Hamlet, Polonius, and the rest are wanted to assist in setting it. There was an account lately in an American paper of a celebrated actor who was to play at a Western town, and finding when the curtain drew up that there was nothing behind it, he fetched the scenery and put it up, and then went on and played. This perhaps has been the model of Mr. Bellew's arrangements at St. George's Hall. Some considerable preparation was doubtless necessary for the second scene of the third act, which is performed by the entire strength of the establishment. We have King, Queen, and Court, Ophelia, with Hamlet seated at her feet and watching the King with penetrating eye, and even the characters of the play within the play are personated. The breaking up of the Court when the conscience-stricken monarch can endure the play no longer is represented with commendable spirit, and afterwards, when the King is praying and Hamlet hesitates to kill him, the Hamlet of the stage draws his sword, and flourishes it about as if he really contemplated dissolving partnership with Mr. Bellew, and going into business on his own account. But "Co." is soon made to feel his true position. Mr. Bellew does not actually take his sword from him, but he will not allow him to use it to kill Polonius. The curtain is down when Mr. Bellew speaks the words "Dead, for a duat, dead," and he accompanies them with a prodding motion downwards, as if he confused in his mind the respective hiding-places of Polonius and the Ghost, and had forgotten that Hamlet compares the latter to a mole, but the former to a rat, which is as often above ground as under it. The burial of Ophelia is performed with great solemnity, and with it the entertainment terminates. We believe that the play of *Hamlet* has never before been known to terminate with this scene, except on a memorable occasion when it was performed during the race-week at Doncaster. The grave-diggers, for some purpose not contemplated by Shakespeare, descended into the grave, and having nothing more to do upon the stage, they took the shortest way to their pipes and beer, and did not return. Some people say that pipes and beer are in the way to hell, but in this instance hell was in the way to pipes and beer. A gentleman in a private-box, who was observing the performance with the intelligent interest of one who has dined well and drunk freely, commented upon this proceeding in the words, which were distinctly audible all over the house, "I'll be damned if they haven't buried the lot." The curtain fell amid unextinguishable laughter. The audience was no longer in the mood for tragedy.

REVIEWS.

SPEEDING'S LETTERS AND LIFE OF LORD BACON.

MR. SPEEDING'S fifth volume takes in the main part of Bacon's career as Attorney-General, though the beginning of it was given in the preceding volume, and the end of it is still to come. The new volume resumes it with the beginning of 1614 and the mismanaged and abortive Parliament of that year, the "addled" Parliament, and it goes down to the suspension of Coke in the middle of 1616. These two years and a half include some very important portions of Bacon's public life; his part in the treason prosecutions of Peacham and Owen, in the disputes between the King and the Common Law Courts, and in the trials of the Earl and Countess of Somerset; and the volume exhibits in a variety of instances his manner of viewing and handling the law, his constitutional doctrines and his practice, as regards the treatment of Parliaments and the claims of the King's prerogative, and his views as to the relation of the King and the Government to the Courts of justice and the functions of the judges. It need not be said that those of his papers which have been already published are here edited and arranged with a care, and a complete understanding of their place and significance, such as have never been brought to the work by any previous editor of Bacon. Mr. Speeding's patient and laborious investigations have enabled him to add several hitherto unpublished papers of much interest and importance. The two most valuable are confidential memoranda and suggestions to the King as to the policy of calling Parliaments and the manner of dealing with them. The first is a proposed sketch for a Speech by the King on meeting the Parliament of 1614. The other is a letter to the King in the following year, giving reasons why he should call a new Parliament in place of the last, which had been a failure and had been dissolved, and indicating the measures to be pursued in turning it to account for the purposes of the Government. The second of these two papers had been mentioned in his last work by Mr. Gardiner, to whom Mr. Speeding had pointed it out; but here we have for the first time printed what may be taken as the most instructive specimen remaining of the political advice which James received from his Attorney. Mr. Speeding has also been able to complete the highly interesting report, also referred to by Mr. Gardiner, of the deliberations of the Privy Council in 1615 on the question of a new Parliament. The Councillors were commanded by the King to deliver their opinions in order on the

expediency of the proposal, and on the matters which would have to be attended to if it was adopted. Mr. Gardiner found among the State Papers a report of the speeches of six of them, including those of Lake and Coke; but these were the opinions of the juniors at the table, who, according to custom, had to speak first; and, "it would have been interesting," he adds, "to know how the question under discussion was received by those who sat at the upper end of the table." Mr. Speeding has been fortunate enough to be able to supply the omission from a report in a collection of papers among the Harleian manuscripts, which, it is to be observed, is not indicated in the catalogue. The main point of consequence, however, which is thus cleared up is that the older Councillors were content to follow the lead of those who spoke first, Lake and Chief Justice Coke, and that all are represented as agreeing in the necessity of a Parliament, and also in the necessity of the chief measures of reform and concession which it involved.

But we forget more and more in this volume that we are dealing with an edition of Bacon's letters, a complement to a complete edition of Bacon's works. The letters are the least part of what we have to read in it. We are here at the fifth volume of a prolonged commentary on Bacon's life, of the various portions of which the letters and papers are but the texts. As a collection of letters we feel more and more that the edition does not gain by this arrangement; a reader who wants to have only what is Bacon's before him has to take the trouble—and it is some trouble—to pick out what he wants amid the mass of comment which separates one paper from another, and he can never do so without his eye lighting on pages of small print which seem to solicit and forestall his attention. Mr. Speeding never likes to leave anything of Bacon's liable to misinterpretation, and the result is a good deal of repetition and diffuseness; for a commentator does not feel himself under the same rules as a biographer as to arrangement of matter and putting things into their proper places once for all. The work must now run to six or seven volumes at least, and that is a good deal for the life even, and much more for what we have of the letters, of Lord Bacon. The thoroughness, the infinite pains, the ability with which Mr. Speeding has performed the task to which he may be said to have devoted his life, ought to excite the admiration of all students, and the shame of a good many. But we cannot help wishing that one who knows so much about his subject had found a less cumbrous mode of putting the results of his knowledge before us. A work which probably he could do better than any one else, a fit biography of Bacon, has, after all this, still to be done.

But this, though an important matter, is a matter of literary form and structure. Different moulds suit different minds, and we ought not to be too nice as to the fashion in which a man who is able to illustrate a life and character like Bacon's chooses to do his work. The question is a more important one as to the spirit and guiding principles which direct and animate it. With this we cannot say that we are satisfied. Bacon's public life has been the object of the severest censure at the hands of those who, from Pope to Lord Macaulay, have yet been most alive to the glory which his genius has shed on England and English literature; and it cannot be denied that the first appearances are such as to bear out these unfavourable judgments. But we have learned to distrust sweeping and rhetorical condemnations; to take into account circumstances and times, and possibly omitted sides to even an ugly story; to see probability in a view which makes allowances, and shrinks from mere unadorned villany and badness, in a man with great gifts and aims. The ground was prepared for a large and just appreciation of Lord Bacon; a generous one, as befits the subject, but fitting in with the facts, and with the probabilities of human experience. But on the other hand, when wholesale invective is succeeded and answered by wholesale panegyric or apology, we are thrown back on our suspicions. It is by no means more easy to believe that a man against whom heavy charges have been made by writers of weight is altogether blameless, than it is to believe in mere monsters playing a part in some respects noble and worthy. But what Mr. Speeding writes to prove is that the unfavourable view of Bacon's public conduct, as shown not merely in the unmeasured censure of Lord Macaulay, but in the far more equitable judgments of Mr. Hallam and Mr. Gardiner, is a fundamentally mistaken and unjust one. And the effect of his elaborate and ingenious commentary is, after reading it through, to leave so completely the impression that he is determined to make out Bacon and those acting with him to be right, and all opposed to him and to his side to be wrong, that each separate argument and explanation is in danger of not carrying with it the weight which, in particular instances, Mr. Speeding's reasoning certainly deserves. It is really difficult to do justice to his treatment of the separate questions as they arise, from the tenacity with which he sticks to his belief that there was nothing to complain of or to be surprised at in any step which Bacon took. The effect is precisely analogous to that produced by the great effort of a powerful advocate, such as the courts have often witnessed in our time, where the advocacy is nothing superficial or dazzling, but a solid, large, and well-weighted appeal to reason and evidence, where all appearance of misstatement is carefully avoided, where objections are anticipated, and are frankly recognised and met, where the materials of knowledge are ample and carefully valued, and the mastery over them is complete—a speech which has all the air of being exhaustive and decisive, till we check ourselves with the thought that neither reasoning nor evidence nor guarded exposition nor calu-

* *The Letters and Life of Francis Bacon.* By James Speeding. Vol. V. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

ness of temper can make up for the difference between advocacy and criticism. None of these things can put out of sight the essential contrast in starting-point and aim between argument which is one-sided and argument which is judicial.

And the result of Mr. Spedding's book on our own mind is very much like that of the argument of a great advocate working up against a case where the broad and obvious phenomena are against him. When we have surrendered ourselves at different portions of it to the vigour and ingenuity, or, as it undoubtedly is the case at times, to the solid reasonableness with which he explains and justifies what has passed for inexcusable, a recollection and review of the whole leaves us much where it found us. Here is a man of the most astonishing gifts, the widest reach of thought, conceptions far beyond his age of the destiny and the prospects of man, noble views as to the ends and the resources of government, unequalled sagacity in his insight into the ways and subtleties of human action. His intellect was supple, comprehensive, fertile, full of masculine power; but the special stamp of his mind was its sense of greatness, its attraction and bent to all that was high and noble. He was a man who might be looked to for giving the same impression of truth and broad grandeur to politics—an impression beyond the thought of his age—which he gave to knowledge. And yet what is the sum of his public life? He yokes himself body and soul, having sought the position with an ambition that nothing could tire or discourage, to the service of one of the meanest and poorest and shabbiest Governments ever seen in England. To that service he brings his unreserved devotion and unstinted labour; in doing its work he finds his highest honour; he gets but grudging thanks, but his zeal is only the greater. And, with all his unrivalled powers, and all his boundless willingness to be of use, what do his employers make of him? It is less his counsel than his work that they wanted; they soon found out his worth as an instrument, but they cared very little about his political ideas or his practical advice; long kept at arm's length in his desire to serve the Crown as a lawyer, he was at last mainly valued as the only even match for the inconvenient and formidable Chief Justice. And though it was evident that without him the King would have found it hard to deal with Coke in the great conflict between Prerogative and the Law Courts, Bacon had to beg to be admitted into the Privy Council; and was only admitted on a condition of which it is hard to see the meaning except the necessity of being grudging and ungracious to him. It was obvious that he must be the next Chancellor, and that no one but himself could serve the King's purpose in the office; it was obvious that his great and ready services entitled him above all men to a place in the Council; but his application, through the rising favourite, Villiers, for the Privy-councillorship was answered only by the offer of an alternative. "After some delay," says Mr. Gardiner, "he was offered the choice between councillorship and the reversion of the Chancellor's place." It rouses indignation to see Bacon suing for such favours, and accepting them as "noble" graces, from James and Villiers; but why was he in such a position?

Mr. Spedding seems to see nothing but what is worthy of Bacon in all this. His view comes to this, that public life was Bacon's natural sphere of activity and usefulness; that he knew his powers; that he wanted to serve his generation in this way, as well as in the provinces of thought and knowledge; and that he simply accepted the conditions of his times. Doubtless a great deal is to be allowed for this. It was, perhaps, part of the *infelicitas temporum* that Bacon should have been mixed up with the worrying, even to torture, of a wretched old wrong-headed Puritan like Peacham, whose private scribbles and project of a virulent sermon had filled the heads of James's Council with alarms of conspiracy and treason. The times were suspicious, and torture, as Mr. Spedding too truly tells us, though against the law, was far from unknown to the practice of the Council. And in the conflict with the Judges the legal questions about the right of Impositions, the bounds of the Prerogative, the dependence of the Judges on the King and his right to control them, were confused and unsettled; and as the battle was fought with precedents, and the various events of English history had supplied a varied crop of precedents, the weight of argument was not always then with the side which seems the right one now. All this has to be borne in mind. But it is also to be borne in mind that the King's service was not the only path of public life for a man of Bacon's thought and powers. It might be the only path to wealth and honour, the shortest cut to what seemed an adequate sphere for the exercise of great capacities; but there was another path open to a great thinker about politics and a great lawyer, which Bacon might have taken, and which if he had taken, no one can doubt about the immeasurable difference which it would have made to his fame. Parliament was in the eyes of all men the rising power in England. It wanted of all things a great and capable leader; a man who could rise to the height of the occasion; a man who could gain the ear of Parliament by sheer force of eloquence and knowledge, and intelligence of what the times needed and what it was its part to supply. It wanted to be disciplined, and kept from its extravagant and factious tendencies; it wanted to have the things which it was blindly feeling after distinctly and soberly put before it. Policy and, quite as much, law needed a bold, powerful, and resolute hand. And Bacon had in a remarkable degree—the more remarkable that so little use was made of it—the power of influencing an assembly like the Commons. Why was not that his sphere? Being what he was, there was no need of his becoming a mere demagogue or faction leader. He was too large-minded

and too far-sighted to be caught by the narrow party cries which were the stock in trade of the obscure leaders of the Opposition. His nature revolted from their foolish blustering and violence, ending in a break-up of the House, and perhaps in the Tower for themselves. His calm, large wisdom would have kept him from such blunders, and yet he was thoroughly in sympathy with the House, and had everything which could have enabled him to win its confidence. Under his hand and guiding it is not inconceivable that the House of Commons might have become an assembly which the King must respect, and which the King could work with. If Bacon had laboured as hard and as zealously in its service as he did in that of James, he might perhaps have found the way, earlier than it was found, and without the terrible catastrophe which ensued, to give its inevitable place to the House of Commons and to make it act in harmony with the Crown. And if Bacon, giving himself to this work, had lived all his life a private man, an opponent of the Crown whose interests he was best serving, perhaps poor, perhaps with intervals of inactivity, perhaps a sufferer for his public spirit—nay, if he had tried, and utterly failed—the greatest of English thinkers would have had no light addition to his glories in having attempted at least the part of a great English statesman, a man who thought and lived for the commonwealth. But he chose differently, and he made, for such a man, the enormous mistake of giving himself to do the work of a mean and vicious Court policy; and he called it serving the Crown of England. The disasters in which it landed him seem to us but a light matter compared with the detraction which it makes from his greatness. All that Mr. Spedding urges on his behalf—that it was his business as Attorney to do his best for the King's claims, that he had precedents as good as Coke's for all he advanced and did, that Coke was insolent and impracticable, that James was both a better and an abler man than he is generally thought (Pius IX. is a great help to the interpretation of James's nature)—all this fails to palliate Bacon's fundamental fault. He chose the wrong side and the easier path, instead of the right side and the harder path; chose it with a better capacity than any man living of discerning the truth; chose it with all the humiliations, of which his history is full, of unbecoming connivance and compliance. We can see nothing in Mr. Spedding's reasonings to alter our opinion that Bacon, from his noble gifts, might have been the best of advisers either to a Parliament or to a King of noble and honest purposes; and that, from his fertility of resource and want of independence, he was one of the worst servants possible to a King like James, who was for ever cheating himself with dreams of his authority, his statesmanship, and his good intentions, the slave of favourites like Carr and Villiers, and unable, in the face of the distress and weakness of the country, to do the manly thing of staying his wasteful prodigality.

RECESS STUDIES.*

THIS book does not appear to us open to the reproach which we have heard directed against similar collections of essays, that they consist of papers written either by men who ought not to write at all, or by men who take advantage of the form of publication to write what they ought not. All the contributors to Sir Alexander Grant's volume have more or less right to be heard on the subjects to which they address themselves, and there is no evidence of hurry or immaturity of thought in the mode of handling them. Indeed our principal objection to the volume is a reviewer's objection, that it really consists of ten different books bound together in one cover. As some of these books treat of very difficult matters, we shall make no apology for confining our notice to some of them, reserving for a future occasion the observations called for by the others.

Professor Jenkin's very ingenious and instructive attempt to illustrate the operation of the laws of supply and demand by lines and curves must be left without notice because it would be hopeless to give any idea of it without reproducing his figures; and the papers of Mr. George Brodrick and Sir C. Trevelyan may be dismissed with very brief remark as better fitted for discussion in another portion of our columns. We may say, however, of Mr. Brodrick's essay, that it gives a very clearly written account of the history and position of the Irish Land question, from the point of view of those who hold that something must be done, not only because the Irish demand it, but because it is intrinsically just and necessary. Mr. Brodrick's own proposal, which is described in rather general language, appears to differ from many which will continue to attract attention until the official scheme swallows them up, in laying more stress on retrospective compensation for what has been done in the past than on a provision for the future. Nothing which he suggests would in the long run affect the absolute ownership of Irish land or the power of contracting for its use. Sir C. Trevelyan's journey "from Pesth to Brindisi in the Autumn of 1869" has been made by him the pretext for a most vehement argument on what is commonly supposed to be the Greek side in what is popularly called the question between Greeks and Turks. There is no question which so infallibly produces extreme partisanship in the disputant. It is strange that Sir C. Trevelyan does not see that the inability of the Hellenic Government to put down the professional robbers who swarm nearly to the suburbs of Athens is not excused by being explained, and that it is time wasted to eulogize a Government which fails

* *Recess Studies*. Edited by Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1870.

to discharge its primary duties. We note, however, as certainly worthy of attention, the opinion of an experienced financier that the Turkish Government is really sustained by borrowing in London and Paris, and that the interest of the repeated Turkish loans is exclusively paid out of borrowed money. Among matters of less importance adverted to by Sir Charles, his description of the discoveries at Athens of too new a date to be mentioned in the guide-books will be read with interest, and it is curious to learn from him that the American element is becoming influential in Hungary. A sheepskin-clad magnate introduced himself on board a steamer on the Danube and said, "in excellent Yankee," that he hoped Sir Charles would excuse him, but he liked to take every opportunity of refreshing his English. His father had been a refugee in 1848, and since the arrangement with Austria the family had all returned to their original country.

The editor, in a paper on the "Endowed Hospitals of Scotland," gives anything but a satisfactory account of those great foundations which by the architectural distinction of their buildings have surprised many a traveller, even in Edinburgh. They appear to derive their name and their origin from Christ's Hospital in London, which was expressly mentioned as the example which he intended to follow by "Jingling Geordie" of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, when he founded the first of them, Heriot's Hospital. They are extremely rich, and would be fabulously so if the Corporation of Edinburgh had not perpetrated what Sir Alexander Grant would obviously like to call a job, but does not, when it made arrangements for constructing the New Town of Edinburgh on ground belonging to Heriot's Hospital, for which the Corporation was the trustee. The result, however, is described in a sentence which conveys the strongest condemnation of the system. "The dulness of hospital boys is proverbial." The boys go in fact so young to the institution that they take no ideas with them, and are kept there in a state of quasi-monastic seclusion till they have reached the age at which nature begins to withdraw the power of acquiring new ideas rapidly. Sir A. Grant contrasts the Scottish Hospitals unfavourably with Christ's Hospital, their prototype; but we think that, like too many other critics of that institution, he has been too much influenced by the names of certain distinguished and even illustrious men whom it has educated. The list, however, is not a long one, considering the competition of talent which there ought to be in the school, and it includes several forms of ability which are independent of special training. Christ's Hospital has no doubt some advantages over the Scottish foundations. The boys are of a better class, and are not so entirely withdrawn from home influences; and of late years the Governors have substituted a system of "grading" for the dull monotony of instruction which seems still to prevail in Scotland. But there is probably a radical vice in systems of semi-military, semi-monastic education which, with perfect consistency, were meant solely by their originators for orphans, in the literal sense of the word. The type before the eyes of the Protestant founders of Christ's Hospital was a monastery, and the school itself and those descended from it are still monastic institutions exercising in some respects an even worse influence over children than over grown men. We have not a word to say against Sir A. Grant's plan for the reform of the Scottish Hospitals—his scheme for higher commercial education is, for example, excellent; but we attach most importance to his proposal for virtually breaking them up into smaller bodies where a freer life and instruction more directed to the individual will be attainable. It is unsatisfactory to learn from him that the Acts of Parliament providing for the reform of these institutions are much less likely to be effectual than the statute which confers extensive powers on the Endowed Schools' Commissioners for England.

Dr. Wallace's paper on "Church Tendencies in Scotland" should be attentively read by all who wish to know what are the current ecclesiastical opinions of a portion of the kingdom where opinions are chiefly ecclesiastical, and which has come to weigh so heavily in the balance of British politics. If Mr. Gladstone is Prime Minister, it is because he is dear to Scotland even more than because he is dear to Ireland. Dr. Wallace begins by explaining why certain kinds of religious opinion, common enough in this country, have had no success in Scotland. Unitarianism, he says, is an exaggerated expression of the doubting and rationalizing spirit, and Scotchmen are not apt to be extreme on speculative questions. This seems to us the least credible statement made by the writer. As things go nowadays, Unitarianism can hardly be called a very extreme variety of scepticism, and it is rather startling to be told that Scotchmen never go to extremes in their religious creed. A better explanation would probably be that the questions agitated by Unitarians were never those which had supreme interest for Scotland, given up as it has been to controversies of later origin and a wholly different order. But we dare say Dr. Wallace is right when he says that Scotchmen look upon Methodism as "silly," and that the Methodists, Baptists, and Congregationalists are all alike unpopular because they require a public, and something more than a credible, profession of religion as a condition of membership. All may not be aware that "two-thirds of the parents in Scotland look upon the public baptism of their children as a most distressing ordeal, and regard it as a boon when the clergyman gives the sacrament privately"; or that in the Northern counties of Scotland, where "taking the Lord's Supper has come to be regarded as an assertion of conscious regeneration on the part of the communicant," the sacrament is taken by a mere handful of the population. No doubt the want of favour shown in Scotland to Congregationalism,

which has the strongest natural attractions for a religious democracy, requires to be explained by more than "Scotch caution and secretiveness;" but Dr. Wallace appears to complete his account of the phenomenon when he says that, whatever may be the theoretical recommendations of Congregationalism, Presbyterianism has always managed in practice to admit as much popular influence as was wanted at the time. Contrasted with the ill success of these bodies external to Presbyterianism is the increasing attractiveness to Scotchmen of the Episcopal Church. Dr. Wallace does not consider that the numerical strength of Episcopacy has seriously increased, and though the Scottish gentry have become more fervent in their attachment to it, he states, so broadly as to surprise us, that the gentry have next to no influence in Scotland. Nor does he allow that the distinctive doctrines of the Episcopalians have made any way; indeed he thinks the doctrinal movement of Scotland is wholly in a different direction. The secret of success he takes to lie chiefly in the irresistible attractions of the Episcopal ritual, partly in growing disgust for that which in Scotland stood till lately in the place of all ceremonial—the rigorous enforcement of Sabbath observance. Many curious examples are given of the effect of this growing taste for ritual on the various Presbyterian bodies. In the Established Church the views and practice of the late Dr. Robert Lee appear to have definitively triumphed. "More than twenty churches of the Establishment already use instrumental music. Here and there the clergy read the public prayers without complaint from the people. A society of clergy, numbering at present about 150 members, has been in existence for several years, with the express purpose of stimulating liturgical study and furthering its objects." The United Presbyterian Church, formed by the fusion of the two sects which included the bulk of the Dissenters before the secession of the Free Church, betrays the tendency by indulgence in architectural decoration, and would fain adopt the use of the organ. "In the principal church of the Communion at Glasgow an expensive organ has been, though unused, standing for many years," and it is only not employed because there is a prospect of union with the Free Church, which still retains its horror of instrumental music in a place of worship. The Free Church is in fact, of all the Presbyterian bodies, the most conservative of prejudice and tradition, and nothing can be queerer than the embryotic form which this community displays of the movement towards ceremonialism. It is distracted, it would seem, by a controversy about the use of hymns. The true old notion appears to be that hymns are unorthodox. God dictated the Psalms to David, and has impliedly commanded that they should be exclusively used in public worship. The command has hitherto been obeyed by singing those versions of the psalms and paraphrases of the lyrical portions of Scripture which the stranger attending a Presbyterian church reads and listens to with such unmixed wonder. But the feeling of a natural connexion between rhyme or metre and something more or less distantly resembling poetry has prevailed, and "human" hymns are coming to be used, though the conservative party argue that it is no more lawful for a Christian to use them than "for a Jew to sacrifice a dog instead of a lamb or a calf." Such conservatism is, however, as nothing compared with that of the "Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland," which Dr. Wallace calls probably the most orthodox body in Christendom. Its *raison d'être* is the duty of protesting against the backsliding of the Cameronians. It seems that the Church which maintains the obligations of the Solemn League and Covenant decided in 1863 that a Christian might lawfully vote at a Parliamentary election; and against this unfaithfulness the new Church, which numbers five clergy and eleven congregations, was formed to protest. Another strange new Church, mentioned by Dr. Wallace, is that of the Morisonians. It seems that it is heresy under the Westminster Confession to speak of God as the Father of Mankind. He is, it appears, the Father only of the Elect. The Morisonians are, *quoad* Presbyterian orthodoxy, a Protestant sect, claiming the right to call God the Father of all men.

The remaining five essays—on the "Declining Production of Food in Ireland," by Dr. Playfair; on "Scotch Education Difficulties," by Mr. Sellar; on Mr. Mill's doctrines regarding Trade Unions, by Mr. Stirling; on "Election Trials and Inquiries," by Mr. Chisholm Anstey; and on "Hindrances to Agriculture," by Mr. George Hope—contain matter of great interest and importance, which our space will not permit us to deal with at present.

FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—VOL. XII.*

(Second Notice.)

WE now approach Mr. Froude for the last time. In our last article we spoke at some length of that innumerable unfairness in his way of dealing with ecclesiastical matters which, as soon as he comes anywhere to the words Church or religion or Pope or Bishop, at once converts his history into a party pamphlet, commonly into a party libel. His unfairness on these points is largely the unfairness of ignorance, but, in one who has gone through Mr. Froude's career, such ignorance can scarcely be looked upon as other than wilful. Mr. Froude, like other men, has a right to his opinions, but other men have a right to ask of him both decency of language and accuracy of fact and law. Mr. Froude at different stages of his work has had favourite metaphors. At

* *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vol. XII. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

one stage of his work it was always the stream of time, and the clock which was always going to strike but which never did strike. Latterly we have heard more about the secreting of venom from the fangs of all manner of animals, even, as we remarked in a former article, those of the innocent lamb. Here at least Mr. Froude is the great sublime he draws. No Papist or Puritan could ever secrete such bitter venom as that with which Mr. Froude overflows whenever he comes across the unlucky Church of England. Such a passage as the following is not conceived in the style of an honourable controversialist attacking from without; it is conceived in the peculiar mood of those whose venom is distilled from within:—

A country which had defied and conquered the old Church in the days of its pride and power, with the Pope at its back and the mystery of excommunication still carrying undefined terrors with it, was not likely to submit quietly to its emasculated representative held in a chain by the Queen, drilled by her sceptre, and dancing to any tune that she pleased to dictate.

Looking down the same page we soon come to a proof of the utter carelessness, to give it no worse name, with which Mr. Froude handles the subject which he seems to look upon as so far beneath him. He tells us in an offhand kind of way "that Puritan libellers were prosecuted before an *Ecclesiastical Commission*; and Penry, a Welsh minister, the supposed author of *Marprelate*, was put on his trial for felony." He goes on to say that "Penry's trial was pressed to a conviction and he was hanged." Now, does Mr. Froude mean, or does he not mean, that Penry was hanged by sentence of an *Ecclesiastical Commission*? On first reading the passage we thought he did; on a second reading we were less clear about it. But then with anybody else we should not have thought of asking the question; only with the historian who had never heard of *peine forte et dure* all things are possible. But in any case what is "an *Ecclesiastical Commission*?" We presume that what Mr. Froude means is the Court of High Commission, and we really believe that this is the only mention of that famous tribunal which is to be found in his whole work. Mr. Hallam, who wrote constitutional history and regarded truth while he wrote it, has a good deal to say about the growth, nature, and working of this "anomalous Court," and also about the cases of Penry and Udal. But Mr. Froude, who is always declaiming about *Ecclesiastical Courts*, and who even in his Index has an entry about their "enormities," has absolutely nothing to say about the origin of an institution which fills so prominent a place in the history of this and the next reigns. But of course it was far finer and more taking to crack jokes about the "good reason why the extreme development of the Gospel should in some degree be controlled by the sceptre." This is a kind of amusement which did not suggest itself to the mind of Mr. Hallam.

Again we ask, for the last time, what is Mr. Froude's theology? Some historians keep prudently clear of all theological matters, and towards them no man has a right to take on himself the office of Inquisitor and to ask what their private belief may be. But when a man, like Mr. Froude, stands in the market-place and declaims about God and the devil, we have a right to ask what the strange things which he brings to our ears may be. As a rule, belief of any kind becomes in Mr. Froude's hands a subject of mockery. We have just heard him mocking at the Puritan's Gospel. But he mocks no less at the Catholic victims who "sunk under a fatality which they called the will of God" (xii. 118); he mocks at Mary's endeavours "to improve her prospects in the other world" (xii. 311); he mocks at the "fond illusion" that "the elements were God's peculiar province" (xii. 511), and when he speaks of "an opportune shift of wind . . . sent, as was fondly imagined, by 'the Lord'" (xii. 485), the inverted commas, added as if to an unfamiliar name, are Mr. Froude's, not ours. Has Mr. Froude, like the Parliament which Cromwell bade go elsewhere, been so long about the process of seeking and never finding that he has given up the object of search altogether? Some things would make us think so, and yet, as we know, Mr. Froude can sometimes hold forth the other way with all the dogmatism of Pope or Presbyterian:—

With "the cause of God," as it was called, and as it *really* was, fully and clearly victorious, it would have gone hard with her theories of Church government, and the *via media Anglicana* would have ceased to exist.

Here we think is the key; when the "*dignus vindice nodus*" comes, when the Church of England is to receive a blow, then Mr. Froude is ready to create a Deity for the special purpose.

To descend for a moment to the saints, Mr. Froude (xii. 40) tells how Philip of Spain got possession of "a broken shoulder-bone, said to have belonged to San Lorenzo." Further on (xii. 484) we get a pleasant little scoff:—

It was the eve of St. Lawrence's day, Philip's patron saint, whose precious shoulder-bone he had added to the treasures of the Escorial. But St. Lawrence, though he might save his worshippers' souls in the other world, seemed to want either power or will to aid them in the present.

In any other writer we should think that to talk of "San Lorenzo" in one place and "St. Lawrence" in another was simply the same sort of carelessness as when Mr. Froude flounders about between "Duke" and "Duc," between "Charles" and "Carlos." But with the memory of "St. Ampull" once more before our eyes, we cannot help wishing to learn whether Mr. Froude knows or does not know that "San Lorenzo" and St. Lawrence are only different names for the same person, or rather different forms of the same name.

All along, as our readers know, if Mr. Froude's divinity has been queer, his law has been equally queer. If we throw into

the lump his peculiar views about "hysteria," we may perhaps say that each of the three learned professions has alike a case against him. As for law, what does this mean?—

Forfeiture would have followed, as a matter of course, on a legal conviction for high treason; but to kill an untried nobleman, and afterwards to pass a bill of attainder through the House of Lords, would have been impossible.

Mr. Froude may simply mean that it would have been impossible to get a majority in favour of such a Bill, but with Mr. Froude's odd notions about attainders and everything else of the kind, one cannot help asking whether he ever heard of the many cases—that of King Richard the Third among them—of men who were attainted after death. At any rate we may ask what this means?—

What was to be the end of all this? How long was England to endure it? The question was most perplexing on all its sides. There was no precedent in English or Scotch history for the trial of a prince. Princes had been brought to justice by easier and less conspicuous methods, which now were passing out of date. The Lochleven abdication had never been formally recognised, and Mary Stuart was still a Queen regnant in English law.

What does Mr. Froude mean by a "Prince"? Does he mean a reigning monarch, and, if so, why does he not say so? Or does he mean a "prince" in the vulgar sense—a person in some degree of kindred, no one has yet settled in what degree, to a reigning monarch? If he means the latter, surely plenty of "princes" had been executed, and, we suppose we must in courtesy say, tried also. Mr. Froude, who despises Saint Lawrence and Saint John Baptist, is not likely to have joined in the bold trochaic parody

Pange, lingua, gloriosi Comitum martyrium.

We can well believe that he never heard of Thomas of Lancaster and Edmund of Kent and Richard of Cambridge and Edward of Warwick—to say nothing of Margaret of Salisbury, who figures in his own pages—none of whom died by easier and less "conspicuous methods," but by executions, unjust if we please, but all more or less regular. As for Kings, one way in which English Kings—and Scottish Kings too—had been brought to justice was the fairly "conspicuous" one of being deposed in full Parliament, a method which certainly had not passed out of date, but was to be put in force again a hundred years later. And how is all this astonishing difficulty about the trial and execution of a "prince" to be reconciled with Mr. Froude's startling statement some way back that "had Mary fallen into Elizabeth's power at the time of the Darnley marriage, the usage of the age would have justified her execution"? How does the difficulty about the "Queen Regnant" agree with what he says a little way further on, "She was an independent sovereign, but her place in England was as heir to the Crown"? Heir of course she was not, if Acts of Parliament had any force, but how do these passages agree? She had, he adds to the former, "done more to deserve it than Lady Jane Grey," whom we might have added to our list, only we are not quite sure whether the Court Circular would admit her as a princess to be "accompanied," or only as one of the lesser lights who "accompany." And we know not whether it is on the "nil admirari" principle that Mr. Froude tells us with such provoking coolness, "as she had given the Great Seal to her second favourite, her 'Mutton,' Sir Christopher Hatton, on Leicester Elizabeth meditated conferring the *far more serious* office of Lieutenant-General of England and Ireland." There is something droll in thus weighing the comparative importance of an every-day office like that of Lord Chancellor and an office of which nobody had ever heard before—an office which Dr. Lingard calls "new and unprecedented," but which Mr. Froude takes as quietly as if it had been simply the post of Lord High Treasurer. Mr. Froude sends us to Camden, so to Camden we will go. He tells us how Leicester "jam in vite exitu novam honoris et potentie spem inchoavit de summo in Angliæ et Hiberniæ Imperio vicariâ sub Regniâ potestate." This is certainly something much more serious than the office of Lord High Chancellor.

But if Mr. Froude's law is shaky on some points, he makes up for it by boundless admiration for one point of the law as it stood under Elizabeth and long after. Boiling and racking have always been in Mr. Froude's line; burning he has kept as it were *in petto* till he has settled who are the right people to burn. No wonder then that, true to his colours to the last, he chuckles with delight over the embowelling of Babington, Abington, and the rest:—

The Government on their side were determined to show to them, that if they played with treason, they should be made to suffer the very worst which the law would permit. To the Paradise promised them in the other life the Queen's power did not extend; but even with Paradise immediately beyond, death could still be so indicted as to make the method of it moderately terrible.

They were all hanged but for a moment, according to the letter of the sentence, taken down while the susceptibility of agony was unimpaired, and cut in pieces afterwards with due precautions for the protraction of the pain. If it was to be taken as part of the Catholic creed that to kill a Prince in the interests of Holy Church was an act of piety and merit, stern English common sense caught the readiest means of expressing its opinion on the character both of the creed and its professors.

Had Mr. Froude sat in Charles the Second's Parliament, he would certainly have waxed valiant against the King's "pious inclination" to commute the sentence of Lord Stafford to simple beheading.

We have more than once pointed out how often Mr. Froude, who certainly can write good English when he pleases, often sinks into very low vulgarisms of style. But there are one or two

passages in this volume which we think outdo all that he has before done in this way. On two sides of the same leaf (pp. 251, 252) we read that Walsingham's agent, Gifford, was "unable as yet to individualise" certain persons who had a hand in Babington's plot, and that Mendoza "mentioned a certain Mr. Pooley as a reliable Catholic." "Reliable" is, we believe, Cockney for "trustworthy"; "individualise" is beyond us. Johnson knew not the word; his latest editor explains it to mean "to invest with the character of individuality"; but this is a little like defining an Archdeacon to be "one who discharges archidiaconal functions."

Lastly, what is to be made of such a passage as this?—

The Spanish fleet being destroyed, and Philip's prospects in England having collapsed, the Pope reverted to his original desire, that James of Scotland might be converted to the faith. A less prudent person than James might have been tempted into some impatient movement, for when the Armada was in prospect he had been promised an English Duchy and a fixed revenue as the price of his neutrality, with other considerable allowances. When the danger had passed, these promises were naturally repudiated; and it was calculated that if certain influences at the Scotch Court could be removed, the King, in not unreasonable resentment, might lend a more favourable ear to the Papal exhortations.

Other people may be more clear-sighted than ourselves; we had to read these words over several times by the light of an extract in a note before we fully understood that the offer of the Duchy was made by Elizabeth's Minister in Scotland, seemingly on his own responsibility, "to satisfy his Majesty for the time, and to qualify the minds of his nobility to keep all in quiet, while her Majesty with her honourable Council do resolve what is to be done." That a promise made in the hour of danger should "naturally be repudiated" when the danger had passed is a piece of morality in Mr. Froude's best style.

And now we have done with the twelve volumes which have, from time to time, so long employed us. Mr. Froude has written a book which has hit the taste of a large portion of the public, and which contains particular pieces of description as to the merit of which there can be no doubt. He has won his place among the popular writers of the day; his name has come to be used as a figure of speech, sometimes in strange company with his betters. Under these laurels, whatever may be the worth of them, he may repose. But an historian he is not; four volumes of ingenious paradox, eight volumes of ecclesiastical pamphlet, do not become a history, either because of the mere number of volumes, or because they contain a narrative which gradually shrinks into little more than a narrative of diplomatic intrigues. The main objections to Mr. Froude's book, the blemishes which cut it off from any title to the name of history, are utter carelessness as to facts and utter incapacity to distinguish right from wrong. His earlier volumes consisted of perhaps the most ingenious attempt ever made to call evil good and good evil. His later volumes consist mainly of an attempt, decidedly less ingenious, to run down the Church of England, and with the Church of England the Queen to whom, more than to any other one person, that Church owes its present form. Mr. Froude set out with idolatry of the written law, with a trumpeting forth of the statute-book as the one trustworthy source of English history. He gradually slides into utter neglect and apparent contempt of all Parliamentary and constitutional history. But, by a happy Nemesis, the worshipper of the statute-book and the ecclesiastical pamphleteer display alike the same astounding ignorance of English law, ecclesiastical and civil alike. They display the same ignorance alike of earlier English history and of the general history of the world—an ignorance which shows itself the moment Mr. Froude ventures to set one foot beyond the narrow limits of his immediate subject. The inaccessible nature of a large part of his materials makes it hard to judge directly of a great portion of his statements; but here it is a comfort to think that, step by step, surely if slowly, Mr. Brewer is coming on with the hatchet to Mr. Froude's argument. But wherever Mr. Froude, either by the help of his own extracts or by coming within the reach of ordinary libraries, enables us to test his statements we see enough to make us shy of accepting the smallest fact on his authority alone. The disease is innate and incurable. That burning zeal for truth, for truth in all matters great and small, that zeal which shrinks from no expenditure of time and toil in the pursuit of truth—the spirit without which history, to be worthy of the name, cannot be written—is not in Mr. Froude's nature, and it would probably be impossible to make him understand what it is. In all this the book, strange as the contrast is in some points between its earlier and later parts, is consistent from beginning to end. It is equally consistent in the incapacity to grasp the common rules of morality which is displayed from beginning to end. It is consistent from beginning to end in the strange delight which Mr. Froude seems to take in all forms of torture and horrible death. Whoever may be the actors, whoever may be the victims, a tale of boiling, burning, racking, or embowelling never comes amiss to Mr. Froude, for it is in truth in these things that he sees the highest embodiment of stern English common sense. To the powers displayed in his book we have always striven to do justice. The real descriptive and narrative skill which he can put forth whenever he is not led away into a style of silly and effeminate metaphor is enough to place him in the highest rank of those who can do well but who too often wilfully turn astray and do evil. How far the success of the book is due to its inherent vices, how far to its occasional virtues, is a point too knotty for us to solve. The general reader and his tastes, why this thing pleases him and the other thing

displeases him, have ever been to us the profoundest of mysteries. It is enough that on Mr. Froude's book, as a whole, the verdict of all competent historical scholars has long ago been given. Occasional beauties of style and narrative cannot be allowed to redeem carelessness of truth, ignorance of law, contempt for the first principles of morals, ecclesiastical malignity of the most frantic kind. There are parts of Mr. Froude's volumes which we have read with real pleasure, with real admiration. But the book, as a whole, is vicious in its conception, vicious in its execution. No merit of detail can atone for the hollowness that runs through the whole. Mr. Froude has written twelve volumes and he has made himself a name in writing them, but he has not written, in the pregnant phrase so aptly quoted by the Duke of Aumale, "un livre de bonne foy."

GRANT'S MEMOIRS OF SIR GEORGE SINCLAIR.*

IF Sir George Sinclair had lived in the days of Cæsar, he would without doubt have been selected by the Greek Sage as the instance of a man who had spent a life that might undoubtedly be pronounced happy. He had all that man could need; a cultivated intellect, a large fortune, ancient lineage, health, and friends. "He was spoken of as the Damon of the nineteenth century"—Sir Francis Burdett being the Pythias; he was also a friend of a Duke of Manchester, and his Grace's "non-recognition of the Book of Ezekiel as a part of the canonical Scriptures did not in the slightest degree impair this friendship"; he frequently received letters from royal dukes, and he married a lady "who corresponded with the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, Prince Albert's mother"; he "corresponded on equally friendly terms with archbishops and curates"; he cherished the warmest friendship for that "noble poet" Lord Byron, and he showed "his fidelity to his principles as a Christian, in the most exalted meaning of the word," by refusing a King's invitation to a dinner on the Sabbath. He died full of years and honours, and "it was not in the form of private poetry alone that expression was given to the profound regret at his death," but "the *Record*, the leading journal in the religious world, devoted nearly two columns of its space to a sketch of his career and an estimate of his character." We are scarcely familiar enough with the *Record* to have mastered its tables of weights and measures, nor do we know exactly how much sanctity is measured by a column. If we assume, however, that a paragraph is equal to one Evangelical churchwarden, we can in a rough manner calculate the estimation in which Sir George Sinclair was held by the religious world. What more can be said? Might not his life, as soon as it closed, have been pronounced happy indeed? A Solon of the present day, however, would bid us wait even longer than a man's death before we should be so rash as to pronounce him happy. In every year, he would tell us, there are contained, without reckoning the odd hours and minutes, 365 days, and on any one of these days it might come into the head of some silly fellow to write the dead man's life. However wise a man might have been, it would avail him nought; he whose happiness had in no small degree depended on the respect with which he was regarded by others would be made to look ridiculous by a foolish biographer.

For ourselves we must confess that we hope our biography will be written only by the village stone-mason and published in some country churchyard. With the example of Sir George Sinclair before our eyes, we tremble at the smallest degree of fame, for we would just as soon be sentenced to be hanged in chains as to have our life written by a Mr. James Grant. Sir George, in spite of Mr. Grant's testimony, and still more in spite of Mr. Grant's friendship, seems really to have been an intelligent and sensible gentleman. He was a man of culture and great moral worth, and through a life of nearly four-score years he lived as a Christian gentleman ought to live. We do not know that he more deserved to have his life written than scores of other baronets who, in Mr. Grant's expressive words, "come to that 'last scene of all' which sooner or later will be the inevitable destiny of the whole human race." But we do know that, if his life had to be written, Mr. Grant had no qualifications for writing it. If we might be allowed to recommend to him a task for which he is pre-eminently fit, we would advise him to accompany some Evangelical prince on his tour to the East as the Special Correspondent of the *Record*. He combines in so remarkable a degree enthusiasm for royalty with the most decided Protestant views, that we could not imagine him more happily employed than in reporting "the scarifying wit and the irresistible logic" with which some royal highness should "assail the Church of Rome." He is Mr. W. H. Russell, the Hon. Mrs. Grey, and Mr. Whalley all rolled into one. Unlike the two former, he does indeed, we must admit, condescend so low as to chronicle the doings of a baronet; but then he makes up for it as much as he can by representing his baronet "as one of the choicest favourites in the most aristocratic circles in England." But, like them, he is aware that a sentence which begins with "His Royal Highness" must be at once interesting and grammatical, and he has in common with Mr. Russell the power of supplying a deficiency in his narrative by some anecdote that shows his own intimate acquaintance with the aristocracy. Our business, however, now lies, not with what Mr. Grant may do on some happier occasion, but with what he has done

* *Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair, Bart., of Ulbster.* By James Grant, Author of "The Great Metropolis," "The Religious Tendencies of the Times," &c. &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1870.

now. At present he stands before us as the author of the most foolish biography that we have ever read. We can only conceive of one work still more foolish, and that would be his autobiography. But there would be such a harmony between the author and his subject that we tremble lest the jealousy of the fates should rob us of the one absolutely perfect work. We must, however, do Mr. Grant the justice to admit that he has completely, though perhaps unintentionally, succeeded in his object. "It has been," he says, "my object in this volume to bring out to the best of my ability those noble intellectual qualities which, in so marked a manner, were in happy association with the moral and religious character of Sir George." He has indeed brought out these qualities, but much in the same way as the foil brings out the precious stone. After reading through a few pages of Mr. Grant's own composition, even a letter of William IV.'s seems at times almost to have a meaning, while Sir George's Sinclair writings sparkle with intellect.

Not content, however, with writing the life of Sir George, Mr. Grant has felt that it was his mission to write the life of every one who wished Sir George good-day: while, in the case of an invitation to dinner, he felt that the reader would not be satisfied with a history of Sir George's host alone, unless he could learn something of his host's great-grandmother also. It will not at first sight be apparent to the reader that there is any close connexion between the memoirs of a Scotch baronet and the fact that ours is "an empire whose inhabitants are not far, if at all, short of 170,000,000, and on which, as has justly been said, the sun never sets." The connexion, however, becomes quite obvious when we remember that over this empire is a Queen, whose husband was Prince Albert, whose mother was the Duchess of Coburg, who wrote a letter to Mrs. Sinclair, whose husband was Mr. Sinclair. Still more remote would the editor of the *Academy* seem to be from Sir George, who died the year before the first number of the *Academy* was published. But then the editor of the *Academy* is, if we are to take Mr. Grant's word for it, also the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He succeeded in the editorship Mr. Macpherson, who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Elwin, who succeeded Mr. Lockhart, who succeeded Sir John Barrow, who succeeded Mr. Coleridge "the father of the present *Attorney-General*," who succeeded Dr. Gifford, who was the first editor. We do not even yet seem quite to have reached "him to whose biography this volume is devoted." But the missing link is easily supplied. Though Dr. Gifford was the editor, "many indeed believed—and no amount of evidence to the contrary would satisfy them it was not so—that Mr. Croker was the real editor of that periodical." We have only to mention further that Mr. Croker knew Sir George Sinclair, and it is obvious that Sir George and the editor of the *Academy* are as closely connected together as are the various characters in the *House that Jack Built*. We might indeed draw up a pleasing little parody of that tale of our childhood. This is Sir George whose memoirs good Mr. Grant wrote. This is Mr. Croker who was not the editor of the *Quarterly*, who knew Sir George, &c. &c. Mr. Grant is in fact the Mrs. Nickleby of literature. He even surpasses, if that were possible, that estimable old lady in his extraordinary digressions. Unlike her, however, he always returns at last to the point whence he started, and contrives to get back to his subject with a view to leaving it at once. Sometimes these digressions are excusable perhaps, as he gives us now and then a letter worth reading, and hitherto unpublished. We should have thought it scarcely necessary, however, to quote some two or three pages from so well known a volume as "The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, compiled under the direction of Her Majesty, and published two years ago by Smith and Elder." But then, as Mr. Grant justly observes, "the Queen makes repeated allusions to her father-in-law and mother-in-law." The mother-in-law, as we have shown before, was one of Mrs. Sinclair's correspondents, and it is a well-known rule of biography that considerable light is thrown on a man's character by the study of the writings of the daughter-in-law of any correspondent of his wife. Gratifying as this emphatic commendation bestowed on "the Queen's great delicacy of touch and depth of feeling" will be at Court, still more gratifying will be the evidence which Mr. Grant bears to William IV.'s intellectual acquirements. We had not ourselves previously been aware that there was once a wide-spread belief that His Majesty had neither learnt to write legibly nor to spell correctly. Such a dark suspicion, it seems, really prevailed. How unjust, however, it was, Mr. Grant's testimony clearly establishes, for he assures us that one of the King's letters, which he quotes, "is written in a style of penmanship to which no one could take exception, while its orthography is correct throughout." We have already in our illustrious line of kings a Henry Beauclerc; why should we not pride ourselves also on William the Penman? Not only, however, had His Majesty mastered writing and spelling, "he wrote a letter also displaying an intimate knowledge of the currency question." Mr. Grant very judiciously remarks that as "the question of the comparative merits of a metallic and paper currency is about to excite great interest, this letter acquires a special interest at the present time." Unfortunately it is too long for us to quote, and so we must content ourselves with an extract:—

Depend upon it Government will find their difficulties increase by their free trade; and I am most seriously alarmed at the decrease of our seamen and the consequent increase of foreigners. I believe Scotland cannot go on without paper, and I much doubt Ireland can; but look to the consequences of the alteration in the corn laws, if connected with the withdrawing paper

in Ireland, what will become of the sister kingdom, now emerging, by its corn being imported into this island, which it grows through the medium of its paper?

As we do not in the least understand what the King means, we have no doubt that what he writes is sound currency; for we have remarked as a general rule that the sounder a man's currency views are, the greater difficulty he has in making himself understood.

The arrangement of Mr. Grant's Memoirs could hardly help being somewhat peculiar, since he regards precedence in rank as more important than precedence in time. Heaven forbid that we should prefer chronology to the aristocracy! Nevertheless in a biography sundry inconveniences must arise if the letters are to be arranged, not in accordance with their dates, but in the order in which their writers would have been presented at Court. Mr. Grant perhaps chooses the lesser of two evils, and rather than publish a baronet's letter before a duke's, or a curate's letter before an archbishop's, he tells us what happened to Sir George Sinclair when he was sixty before we have learnt what he did when he was forty. Mr. Justice Maule once informed a barrister, who could not state his facts in proper sequence, that he ought to try to observe a chronological order, but if that were too difficult he might try an alphabetical order. Mr. Grant regards neither time nor alphabet, but makes history subordinate to the master of the ceremonies. We must not, however, be too severe upon Mr. Grant. Even he—pillar though he evidently is of the Evangelical world—has been tempted beyond his strength. He found himself suddenly in "the possession of a large collection of letters of the most friendly and familiar kind, written to Sir George from dukes, from marquises, and from all the other grades of our nobility." Possibly he had never seen a nobleman's signature before, and so with good reason does he exclaim, "I felt myself embarrassed by the abundance of my riches." He is a second Jack Horner sitting before the richest of pies, and, like that youth, yielding to the temptation of pulling out its largest plums first, instead of getting through his pie in regular order. Like that admirable youth he has, too, a great appreciation of his own merits, and is never tired of proclaiming how good he is.

VAN LENNEP'S TRAVELS IN ASIA MINOR.*

DR. VAN LENNEP was employed as an American missionary for thirty years in Asia Minor. He tells us that he was "driven from his chosen field of thirty years' labour for presuming to defend the religious liberties and rights of the sixty newborn Evangelical Churches of Western Asia, and for expressing views based upon a broader experience and more generous sentiments than have fallen to the lot of my persecutors." We have no means of knowing what was the precise nature of the controversy thus noticed, for Dr. Van Lennep has the good sense to say nothing more about it in his book, and we cannot claim much familiarity with the internal history of American missions. We may, however, say with confidence that those missions have lost in Dr. Van Lennep a man of much more cultivation, knowledge, and general intelligence than we are accustomed to expect in men holding his position. His book gives us a pleasant impression of its writer, as of a man in whom genuine zeal does not exclude common sense and an eye for many matters beyond the scope of his immediate duty. It is indeed mainly an account of a journey undertaken in 1864, his missionary experience being drawn upon only to supply various pieces of information as to the condition and prospects of the country. As a book of travels, it may be hoped that it will help to draw attention to a region still free from the foot of the tourist, and offering many objects of interest to an intelligent traveller.

Dr. Van Lennep started from Tocat, which had been the headquarters of his missionary enterprise, and, after various minor expeditions, travelled through the heart of the country to Smyrna. He visited some places never before reached by travellers in modern times, and his route westwards was along a road "rarely touched by the foot of a European since the disastrous passage of the Crusaders over a portion of it." Travelling in such districts is still travelling after the old type. There are no mean concessions to human weakness in the shape of inns or carriage-roads. You must sleep in a hut, unless you have a skin preternaturally insensitive to the attacks of the various creatures which, as Mr. Tapley discovered, "graze upon the human pretty strong." You must ride upon horseback over wild plateaus, through deep gorges, and along steep hill-sides. There is a fair chance of encounters with robbers, and it is a delicate and disputed question whether it is wise to take a guard with you. On the one hand, the guard rather imposes upon the natives; on the other hand, he is certain to run away if any danger is encountered, and not at all unlikely to side with the robbers or, on occasion, to act their part himself. Dr. Van Lennep discusses the question whether a "missionary of the Gospel of peace and love should carry murderous weapons," and decides very emphatically and, as we think, very sensibly that he certainly ought. He was converted to this view by practical experience after having begun on strictly Quaker principles. He tells us how a brother missionary refused to take arms because he did not like to kill anybody, and argued that to take them for purposes of show would be to incur the guilt of deceit. Accordingly the brother missionary was searched by a

* *Travels in Little-known Parts of Asia Minor.* By Rev. H. Van Lennep, D.D. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1870.

robber, and only saved from loss by the seasonable appearance of a less scrupulous attendant. Travellers who are not missionaries will be less particular in a country where they are likely to meet gentlemen like the late distinguished Icherly Oghloo. This hero, whose career was cut short at the early age of twenty-five, had for some time relieved the Government of the obnoxious duty of raising taxes in his district. He made the assessments and raised the money himself, shooting anybody who objected to the proceeding. He gradually got into trouble from abusing his power. Amongst other feats, he attacked a village in which he imagined that a mistress of his had taken refuge. The men being absent and the woman not forthcoming, he seized all the women in the place and made his followers mutilate them horribly in his own presence. For this breach of propriety he was watched "for a whole year" by the husbands and brothers of these unfortunates; and as even that period was not quite sufficient to cool the resentment of these and other vindictive people, he proposed to go to Mecca. One of his followers suggested that he ought to reform a little before his pilgrimage, whereupon Icherly caught his adviser asleep and blew out his brains. Finally, the authorities of a village managed to entrap him by asking him to take his seat in the local council and providing a large number of men in disguise to fall upon him suddenly. At last, after much difficulty and as many hesitations as if he had committed a murder in France, he was beheaded without regard to extenuating circumstances. This gentleman was an acquaintance of Dr. Van Lennep's, to whom it was hinted that it was well to be on good terms with such people. This story is a pleasing indication of the disorganized state of society under the Turkish Government. Icherly Oghloo seems, it is true, to have been a man of unusual mark, and the worst thing that actually happened to Dr. Van Lennep was to have his house burnt over his head on the instigation of a rich man in the village. He had, however, been imprudent enough to try to get this man's son fined for attempting to murder a European inhabitant; and perhaps this might be some justification for the arson. In a general way it would seem that a party of travellers tolerably well armed would not run any serious risk. The robbers and outlaws who abound are not as a rule prepared to encounter determined men. The Turkish Governors, too, every now and then give them a sharp hint by burning their villages, pillaging the property, and massacring the women and children.

As Government, or what passes for Government, acts in so capricious a fashion, it is not surprising that the nomadic tribes who wander over the face of the country still preserve a share of their independence. According to Dr. Van Lennep they retain their ancient religion; they believe in the transmigration of souls; they practise mysterious rites, of which of course strange and horrible stories are told by the other inhabitants, and they do not believe in a Supreme Being. Much, apparently, remains to be learnt as to the language and origin of these Yuruks, Kuzulbashies, and other Koordish races. Dr. Van Lennep and his fellows appear to have confined themselves chiefly to the Armenians, whose singular toughness and sagacity enable them to thrive tolerably in spite of the disorganized state of the country. He tells us that their Church is steadily advancing in purity of doctrine and life, and will "surpass the brightest times of her ancient prosperity." But it does not seem that the task of converting them to Protestantism is a very promising one. Dr. Van Lennep tells us that in seven years of continuous labour he succeeded in admitting 37 converts, about half of whom were already members of other churches. Since his departure only one conversion has been made, and to acquire these 38 converts it has been necessary to employ steadily two, and sometimes three, missionaries, with one or two native preachers. At another station it appears that in the course of ten years six educated missionaries and their families have been "used up," and the average missionary life appears to be less than five years. Dr. Van Lennep very naturally says that the mission will hardly be successful until the doctrines become indigenous and are spread by the natives themselves. He tells us, however, that another mission, which was in a state of the highest prosperity when he paid it a visit, collapsed soon after it had been left to itself; and that the native teacher, of whom he speaks with great respect, had given way so much to the hardships inflicted upon him that he made peace again with his old Church and accepted a better salary on condition of teaching the children the old creed instead of the new. Two or three facts which come out in other places may serve probably to explain this phenomenon. One of the most successful experiments in conversion was made at Amasia, where an enterprising and evangelical German undertook to combine the two operations of spreading Protestantism and starting a silk factory. With this double purpose he imported from Germany such persons as were thought "fit for the dissemination of godliness," and fit in a secondary degree for employment in a factory. The result was what might perhaps have been expected. The godly people imported on these terms were often very inferior artisans, as may be inferred from the fact that when a miller was wanted, and no godly miller could be found willing to emigrate to Asia Minor, the agents would send a godly shoemaker in his place. And awkward as it was to get a workman who knew nothing of his business on account of his supposed piety, it was even more unfortunate that the piety was apt to evaporate when the workman was freed from restraints. In short, many people who had always behaved well in Germany turned out in Asia Minor to be "the slaves of evil passions," and their conduct was

so "dissolute and unchristian" that the people of Amasia considered them as awful warnings instead of examples. The shoemaker could neither look after a mill nor set a Christian example. On another occasion, when similar offence was given at Tocat, Dr. Van Lennep was able to "mitigate the reproach" by pointing out that the sinners were Roman Catholics; and he adds that the reputations of the Armeno-Catholic priests are such "that no respectable man of their own religion will allow his wife to confess to them unless he is present." Considering that the Christians of the rival denominations are quarrelling in this fashion, that they are very apt to disgrace themselves by various immoralities, that there are troubles with missionary societies at home, that the foreign missionaries often break down, and that native Christians won't take their place, we need not be surprised that the progress of Christianity in the country is rather slow, and that even the Armenians do not seem to be coming over to Protestantism in large numbers.

We should do Dr. Van Lennep injustice if we gave the impression that any large proportion of his book is taken up with these matters; doubtless, if he were speaking expressly of the condition of the missionary cause, he might have further explanations to give. The main object of the book is the description of the natural scenery of the country, and of the antiquities which he visited. There is a great deal of interesting matter upon both these subjects. Especially we may notice his account of the fort on the summit of Star Mountain, at a height of 8,500 feet above the sea, which he supposes, and apparently with good reason, to correspond to Strabo's description of a stronghold of Mithridates; and some accounts of remarkable carvings at Euyuk and at the ancient town of Pterium, at both of which places there is evidently much to be done by a competent explorer. For these we must refer our readers to Dr. Van Lennep's volume; and we will add in conclusion that it is written in a lively and sensible style, which entitles it to be called a very good book of travels in a very interesting district.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF GALILEO.*

WE are placed at a great, and as it seems to us an unfair, disadvantage in dealing with the recent little volume on the *Private Life of Galileo*, having no clue to the name of either author or editor. This is a practice which we cannot but deprecate in the strongest terms, especially in the case of a biographical work, of which the essential value lies in the authentication of the facts that form its basis. In the present instance, it is true, the materials are so far accessible to any rigorous inquirer as to guard the public from misgiving or suspicion as to the grounds on which they are invited to build their structure of belief. The work thus far speaks for itself. It pretends to be no more than a compilation from publications of a more voluminous and less popular kind, and its merit lies in the plainness and reality with which it has depicted the every-day life of one whose intellectual and moral greatness it has been the problem of two centuries to measure. We are not to expect new or startling light upon the discoveries of Galileo, nor are we to be dragged through the mixed questions of fact and casuistry which gather round his trial and recantation. It is not so much the philosopher as the man who is seen in this simple and lifelike sketch, and the hand which portrays the features and actions is mainly that of one who had studied the subject the closest and the most intimately. His daughter's letters furnish, in fact, the most minute as well as the most graphic portion of the private life of Galileo. *La Primogenita di Galileo Galilei*, published by Professor Carlo Arduini (1864), contained one hundred and twenty-one letters preserved in the Palatine Library, addressed to Galileo by his eldest daughter, the Franciscan nun Maria Celeste, of which eighty-seven were then edited for the first time. Excerpts of these are largely made use of by the biographer before us. Other authorities have been the complete works of Galileo, edited (1842-56) by Professor Eugo Alberi, and M. Henri de l'Épinois's *Galilée, son Procès, sa Condamnation*, published in the *Revue des Questions historiques* (1867), the latter of which works supplies a mass of authentic and important details concerning Galileo's trial, newly extracted from the original record long buried out of sight in the archives of the Vatican. Of the merits and shortcomings of this work of M. d'Épinois we spoke at some length while noticing the interesting book of M. J. H. Martin, *Galilée, les Droits de la Science et la Méthode des Sciences physiques*; and as regards the special question of the actual torture having been applied to Galileo, we fully expressed our conviction both in that article and in a review of M. Parchappe's able monograph, *Galileo and his Times*, two years before.† No further evidence has come to light in the interval to call for reconsideration either of the historical conclusions or the scientific inferences at which investigation then entitled us to arrive. Nor is the work before us of a nature to challenge examination in reference to either aspect of Galileo's career. The unknown compiler has announced it as his object "to place before the reader a plain ungarbled statement of facts illustrating the personal and private life of the philosopher, reproducing in great measure the language of contemporary witnesses, and thus en-

* *The Private Life of Galileo*, compiled principally from his Correspondence and that of his eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

† See *Saturday Review*, Sept. 12, 1863, and Sept. 1, 1866.

abling Galileo, his friends and his enemies, to speak as far as possible for themselves."

Prefixed to this volume is a carefully drawn-up pedigree of the Bonajuti family, who, as is well known, changed their name to that of Galileo at the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. The object of this change is said to have been to perpetuate the name of a member of the family, Galileo, a son of Tommaso de' Bonajuti, one of the Twelve Buonomini in 1343. From Tommaso Bonajuti ten generations in this family record bring us down to its extinction in two great grandchildren of the philosopher, who took the vows of religion, the last, Cosimo, dying May 18, 1779. The family stock, originally noble, produced many scions of eminence. Galileo de' Bonajuti, grandson of Tommaso, a celebrated physician, was sent in 1438, by the Republic of Piombino, to undertake the cure of its ward, the young Giovanni d'Appiano, Lord of Piombino. His full-length effigy in marble is still to be seen in the church of Santa Croce, Florence, in which city he was twice elected one of the Priori, and in 1445 Gonfaloniere, besides filling the office of Lecturer in Medicine in the University. His nephew, Giovanni de' Bonajuti de' Galilei, captain of the *Borgo S. Sepolcro*, had a grandson, Vincenzo, born in 1520, who has been called the founder of the modern musical drama. He was the author of works of scientific merit on mathematics and counterpoint, some of which have been published, others reposing in MS. in the Palatine Library. A passage in his *Dialogue on Ancient and Modern Music*, published in 1581, cited by the compiler before us, is worthy of note for the principles which Vincenzo lays down in directing his son's education. "It appears to me," says one of the speakers in the Dialogue, "that they who in proof of any assertion rely simply on the weight of authority, without adducing any argument in support of it, act very absurdly." In his stipulation for "freedom to question and freely to answer," the father anticipates sentiments which are clearly laid down in the famous Letter to the Grand Duchess Christina on the Copernican system, and in the no less famous *Dialogue on the Two Systems of the World*. Vincenzo's eldest son, Galileo, was born at Pisa, February 18, 1564. Straitened circumstances, says Gherardini, had almost condemned the youth to become a trader in wool, had not his early talent induced the hope of his rising to higher pursuits. From his father he learnt both the theory and practice of music; even excelling him, it was thought, in charm and delicacy of touch upon the organ and lute. In these he found a solace in the last days of his life, when blindness was added to the old man's other sorrows. In the sister art his talent was equally great. Had he had the choice, he used in later life to tell his friends, he would have been a painter. His critical judgment was invited by masters like Bronzino, Passignano, and Jacopo da Empoli, while Cigoli, whom Galileo pronounced to be the first painter of his time, owned to having derived from him his knowledge of perspective. At the Benedictine monastery of Vallombrosa—as we learn from a letter of Diego Franchi, a brother—Galileo was grounded in languages, grammar, and logic, but he was removed before the end of his novitiate owing to an attack of ophthalmia. At the age of seventeen, when already well versed in Latin and Greek, an excellent artist, and an accomplished musician, he was sent to the University of Pisa, following the usual course in philosophy and medicine, being destined by his father for the latter profession. In philosophy, we are told, the student's spirit of contradiction and preference for proof over authority found him no favour in his teachers' eyes. The study of mathematics was at that time utterly neglected in Italy, despite the exertions of Comandino and Maurolico. Even Vincenzo Galileo discouraged it in his son, as so much waste in the practical pursuit of medicine. From a certain Messer Ostilio Ricci he got lessons in Euclid by stealth. His father's opposition to his scientific tastes gave way at length to the proofs of the youth's mathematical and mechanical genius. It lies beyond our present scope to follow the development of Galileo's scientific powers, or to trace the splendid series of his discoveries in physics. The chief stages in his public career are indicated in outline in the brief memoir before us, but our task lies rather with the philosopher in his home. By his father's death, in July 1591, Galileo had become the head of his family, a position of no little burden and responsibility in Italian society at that time. It was for him to see to the setting out of his brother Michelangelo in life. He is denounced and even threatened with arrest by his brother-in-law, Benedetto Landucci, for the balance of dowry due on the marriage of his sister Virginia. So writes his mother, Madonna Giulia, in a curious letter, May 29, 1593, "Al Molto Magnifico e Fidelissimo Signore Galileo Galilei mio sempre Osservand. in Padova." Livia, a novice sorely against her will, and intended for the veil in the convent of St. Giuliano, badgers her brother for "some stuff to make a dress." The girl plaguing her mother to find her a husband, Galileo has of course to come down with a dowry befitting one of the Galilei. Pompeo Baldi, he hears, August 7, 1600, is a "good sort of man," but has no more than 100 ducats yearly. Trusting for help from his brother, Galileo makes up a match with a Pisan gentleman, Taddeo Galetti, promising 1,800 ducats, of which 800 were paid down. Of these he had to borrow 600, his whole professional stipend then amounting to no more than 320 ducats a year. Michelangelo meanwhile had got a post in the train of some Polish nobleman on excellent terms—"his table and dress similar to that worn by the gentlemen of his household, two servants, a coach and four, and a salary of 200 Hungarian ducats, which make about 300 crowns of our money, besides perquisites." He is started with clothes and money in hand

by Galileo, who, after sending four letters to Cracow in ten months without an answer, writes to insist on a proper deed being given to Signor Taddeo. The ungrateful fellow never paid his brother a farthing. In 1605 he is back in Padua, living at Galileo's expense till he is put into a post in the Court of the Duke of Bavaria. "Good heavens," writes back the ne'er do weel, "the idea of toiling all one's life just to put by a few farthings to give one's sisters!" Michelangelo had picked up a wife himself in the meantime, and given a grand wedding dinner to eighty persons of distinction, including four ambassadors, and he asks for a case of lutes, having in view the showing off his musical talents in some concerted music next Lent. Fragments of Galileo's letters speak of a present to Virginia of silk bed-bangings and velvet and damask dresses, and his memorandum book gives a long list of sums laid out on gold bracelets and rich attire for Livia's trousseau. The dignity of the Galilei must be kept up at all cost.

Galileo never married. By his mistress, Marina Gamba, a Venetian of the lower class, he had three children. Vincenzo, born in August 1606, was legitimated by the Grand Duke of Tuscany in 1619. His daughter Polissena was born in 1601, Virginia probably somewhat later. The boy remained with his mother till October, 1612, when Galileo had him brought to Florence. Marina shortly afterwards married a man well to do in her own station of life, one Giovanni Bartoluzzi, Galileo behaving with his wonted liberality on the occasion. Galileo's two girls were placed for a while under the care of his mother, but the old lady's temper being "terrible," as it appears from a letter of Galileo's brother Michelangelo, the father was minded to remove them into a convent for life. Here a threefold difficulty met him. Pope Leo XI. (Alessandro Ottaviano de' Medici), when Cardinal, had obtained a bull forbidding two sisters to take the veil in the same convent in Florence. Secondly, the convent chosen by Galileo being already full, the dowry must be doubled for such an exceptional admission. In the third place, the eldest girl was six years below the canonical age of sixteen. Cardinal Del Monte, in a letter to Galileo, November 11, 1611, promises every exertion to get a relaxation of this rule, which he declares at the same time to be insuperable. The good offices of Cardinal Bandini proved more effectual, and by means of a dispensation as to age Galileo was enabled, in October 1613, to place the unfortunate children in the Franciscan convent of St. Matthew, at Arcetri. There they took the veil a year later, Polissena—henceforth Sister Maria Celeste—being but thirteen years of age. Her letters to her father, beginning from the year 1623, become our chief materials for following the domestic life of Galileo, his illnesses and private sorrows; furnishing at the same time graphic and instructive details of the interior life of convents. His letters to her, though we are told that she kept them carefully and was in the habit of perusing them during such leisure moments as her special duties in the pharmacy and the still-room left to her, have perished. They were in all probability destroyed by the abess for fear of the house being compromised by their heretical authorship. Her own simple effusions are spoken of as breathing throughout sound sense and sober judgment, without a trace of mysticism. "She does not pass her nights in the church, kneeling on the cold stones, expecting a vision. She goes to bed like a sensible woman, and takes her seven hours' sleep." One of her crosses was the selfishness of her sister Virginia, Sister Arcangela in religion, who was subject to hypochondria, and a perpetual invalid. Ill health was indeed the rule, not the exception, at St. Matthew's. Rheumatism was prevalent. In winter the nuns were starved with the cold, in summer they were melted with the heat. Sister Maria Celeste herself was scarcely ever well. Her father's visits alone kept her from finding convent life insupportably dull. What she pined for was home life. Her yearning is to penetrate within the dwelling which her father's presence renders sacred, but which she can never enter. "Discreet dame Piera his housekeeper, careless unloving brother Vincenzo, good Signor Rondinelli the gardener, the boy Geppo, may all go in and out, may all serve her *Devoto*, sit by him when he is ill, help to tend the vines, run the errands; only *she* is debarred from the daily intercourse which would be her supreme delight." Little presents perpetually passed between father and daughter. She becomes his secretary, copying in a clear and delicate hand his more important letters or papers. She works for him shirts and dinner napkins, mends the apron "as well as she possibly can," and asks for "any collars that want getting up." In turn she begs ten *braccia* of stuff for a dress, not wide or fine or expensive cloth. Galileo, at this time settled at Rome, and in favour for the while, asks his daughter what boon would be most acceptable to the convent. The abess thinks it wiser to ask for alms than anything else, the house being so poor. Sister Maria, taking counsel with a nun of higher feeling, begs that the Pope will grant the favour of choosing for confessor to the convent a Regular or Brother of some order, changing him every three years. Her paper of reasons throws much light upon the habits of the clergy of the period. The parish priests have the scantiest knowledge of nuns, their rules and requirements. The fees they expect outrun the convent purse, and they make a practice of dropping in to take out their arrears by dining and "getting friendly with one or other of the nuns. And what is worse, they make a common talk of us, so that we are become the laughing-stock of the whole Casentino, from whence these confessors come, who are more apt at chasing hares than at guiding souls." Later on Galileo is called upon to set to rights the convent clock, which no one has made go well before. In 1628 Michelangelo died, throwing upon Galileo the charge of his widow and

family. Next year Vincenzo marries Sestilia, a sister of Luisa Bocchineri, Maria Celeste's bosom friend in the convent, and the young couple have to be set up out of the Professor's slender income. In the throes of writing the famous Dialogue leisure is snatched for a memorable family dinner in the convent parlour. Then the pugue breaks out, and Vincenzo runs away with his bride leaving his father to face the danger unmoved, against which Sister Maria Celeste seeks to fortify him with a wondrous elixir made by Abbess Ursula, a Pistoian nun of great sanctity. Alone in his tower, hemmed in by quarantine, he has enough—"his telescope, his thoughts." His daughter's anxiety culminates with his journey to Rome, and with the news of his citation before the Inquisition.

We are enabled, by means of the minute touches contributed in the narrative before us, to realize with a force and vividness never before attainable the struggles and the suspense of that crowning episode in the life of Galileo. There may be nothing very weighty or novel in these details. They seem, however, to heighten our interest in the last scenes of the philosopher's career, and to extenuate what might otherwise be set down to unbecoming weakness, vacillation, or want of candour. It is a comfort to be assured, on evidence which no longer admits of reasonable doubt, that bodily torture was escaped by Galileo, wrung as his lofty and truth-loving spirit must have been by the concession, in however ambiguous terms, which he yielded to an unjust and ignorant demand. The accusing spirit might equally blush to hand in the record of a "pious fraud" of minor degree by which Galileo keeps from his daughter the truth of his failing health. Agony enough seems to have fallen upon her in having to yield the keys of the library when fears of a domiciliary visit from the familiars of the Inquisition induced Galileo's family to burn masses of his papers. Her last prayer was granted, that she might embrace her father once again, as it appears from a letter of Galileo to Elia Diodati, July 28, 1634. While under restraint in his Florentine villa, he was at liberty to pay frequent visits to the convent where, he says, "were the two daughters whom I loved dearly, but the eldest in particular, who was a woman of exquisite mind, singular goodness, and most tenderly attached to me." She had before this died on the 1st of April of the same year. Her father's words well sum up her character and the tenor of her life, which gives its most pleasing tone to what is recorded here for the first time of the private life of Galileo. Volumes have been devoted to enumerating the works and measuring the intellect of the great philosopher. This little volume has done much within its slender compass to probe the depth and tenderness of his heart.

GAME-PRESERVING IN FRANCE.*

THE author of this clever and amusing attack upon the real enemies of game-preserving is a French nobleman and landowner who wants to keep the fish in his rivers and the partridges in his fields; but who, owing to the present condition of French law, and still more of that which is mightier than law, the custom of the country, finds this all but impossible. Being a man of high culture, already known by important publications on politics and agriculture, he does not write like an infuriated country squire, but rather like a polished and accomplished satirist who has hit upon a capital subject, and is capable of enjoying the task which he has chosen, quite independently of any unpleasant associations of a personal kind which may have connected themselves therewith. The result is that the book, as the reader will soon see for himself after two or three extracts, is a masterpiece of railery, and though its social purpose is serious enough the subject is handled lightly.

The King who amuses himself in France is not he who occupies the throne at the Tuileries, but the sovereign people; and by the sovereign people M. d'Esterno does not so much understand the men in blouses as the representatives of the aspiring and domineering middle-class, who made the men in blouses fight for them and have profited by their victories. And of these the most powerful are the lawyers:—

Le roi qui s'amuse en France, le puissant, le fort. Le dominateur, le triomphateur, c'est le vainqueur qui combattit, à l'aide des forces réunies de tous, parce qu'il prétendait combattre pour le compte et dans l'intérêt de tous, et qui, une fois le succès obtenu, confisqua, à son seul profit, les résultats de la victoire remportée en commun. C'est le vainqueur sous toutes ses formes, banquier, négociant, industriel, rentier, fonctionnaire, homme de loi surtout. L'homme de loi, en France, est le maître des maîtres, et le roi des rois. Au-dessus du roi, se dessine la triste figure du campagnard, son vassal, sa bête de somme et son Montchénin—on le lui a donné pour qu'il le rançonne et pour qu'il s'en amuse.

Ce n'est pas le lieu de rappeler par quel ingénieux mécanisme le roi attire à lui toutes les richesses, toutes les intelligences, tous les bras, toutes les forces vives de la nation. Je me suis efforcé de le faire comprendre dans un autre ouvrage; mais le roi aurait manqué au caractère bien connu de tous ses congénères, s'il avait laissé le campagnard jouir tranquillement des plaisirs de la campagne au lieu de l'en dépouiller pour s'en saisir. Ces plaisirs étaient peu nombreux: ils se réduisaient à deux, la chasse et la pêche. Il semblait que la brebis de Nathan pouvait être laissée à son propriétaire, déjà si appauvri; il semblait que ces exercices laborieux et rustiques étaient mieux appropriés aux habitudes rurales qu'aux usages plus raffinés des villes; le roi n'en jugea pas ainsi, il voulait s'approprier tout, sauf à voir ensuite s'il ne pouvait pas encore prendre autre chose.

Le gibier et le poisson ne pouvaient pas se produire en ville; la campagne seule les possédait; on prit le parti simple et court de les lui enlever. Ce

* Comment le roi s'amuse en France et la loi aussi. Par M. d'Esterno. Paris: Guillaumin.

n'était pas là une affaire pour des conquérants qui en avaient pris bien d'autres, et qui, de longue main, s'étaient accoutumés à vivre rapto.

Les envahisseurs de la chasse et de la pêche se composèrent de quatre principales tribus:

- 1° Ceux qui veulent manger le gibier d'autrui;
- 2° Ceux qui veulent vendre le gibier d'autrui;
- 3° Ceux qui veulent chasser le gibier d'autrui;
- 4° Ceux qui veulent réglementer le gibier d'autrui.

Each of these categories forms the subject of a separate chapter. The gist of the whole is that, as poaching of all kinds is either practised or encouraged by the middle-classes, and especially by magistrates and lawyers, the owners of game have no fair chance of preserving it.

The fact is, people will eat game. If they come by it honestly, so much the better; but if they cannot come by it honestly they will encourage poaching. In France the only sportsmen who sell what they kill are the poachers, and if there were no poachers there would be no game on the tables of the middle-classes except very occasional and uncertain supplies from the gun of Paterfamilias, when he goeth forth to slaughter wild animals, and returneth at night with a partridge in one corner of his *carriér* and a sparrow in the other. The game-dealers are supplied by the poachers, and the landless professional gentlemen often deal directly with the poachers themselves, who fulfil an important function in the national commissariat. We have said that people will eat game, but there is something far stronger than the mere love of good eating on the side of the poacher and his trade. There are the obligations of custom. You cannot give a déjeuner or a dinner at certain seasons of the year without *gibier*; your position, social or official, compels you to give these entertainments, and the inexorable law of custom requires that there shall be *gibier* upon the table. Now, if you have no land of your own, what are you to do in a country where those who have land will not sell so much as a feather? You have two courses before you. Your friends—or still worse, the official personages you are compelled to receive—are coming to dine with you on Thursday. It is Monday to-day, and in the next three days you are to find means of putting game upon your table. You live in a town, and have a garden behind your house in which may be counted four or five cock-sparrows. These constitute strictly the amount of your own game. There are thousands of acres unpreserved outside the town, and you may shoot over them if you like, but it takes on the average about twelve hours of hard walking for a tolerably fair shot to make a bag, and there is a difference between a bag and a dish. Suppose you come back with a quail and a rabbit, how will they look on your dinner-table? Birds are served in braces, but they are not always shot in braces. Besides, you are a professional man; you have professional engagements; you are not a red Indian, able to hunt a whole day for the day's provisions. There are landed proprietors in your neighbourhood, some of whom you know personally, but they are not much in the habit of making presents of game, and they would consider themselves insulted if you sent your cook with money in her hand to purchase the contents of their larders.

Your dilemma has been foreseen by the tenderness of maternal Nature when she implanted the hunting instincts in the soul of the born poacher. Whilst you have been at work in your office all last week, he has been hunting for you with a skill and a perseverance far beyond your feeble and unpractised powers. All the best fish in the river, all the finest hares in the fields, the plumpest snipes and partridges, are for him, for him the crafty ensnarer, the bold and indefatigable pursuer. And if they are his, they are yours; he will transfer them to you directly for a fair remuneration, or you may find them in the game-shop down the street.

Principles are very beautiful and creditable for those who can afford to follow them; but necessity has no law, so you receive the stolen goods, and your guests approve, believing that the flavour of game is good, even when it has not been quite honestly come by. M. d'Esterno renders justice to the landless giver of dinners:—

Rien ne prouve que le citadin ait jamais préféré le gibier mal acquis à l'autre. Seulement il se fait à lui-même le syllogisme suivant:

Je veux acheter du gibier, légitimement ou illégitimement capturé (voilà ma majeure);

Or je ne puis pas acheter celui qui est légitimement capturé, puisque son propriétaire ne veut pas le vendre (voilà ma mineure);

Donc je dois acheter celui qui est illégitimement capturé, puisque je ne puis pas m'en procurer d'autre (voilà ma conséquence).

M. d'Esterno is quite right in saying that although this may partially excuse the citizen, it does not really excuse him, for the exclusiveness of the landed proprietor does not confer the right to violate his property. A man may do what he will with his own. If I do not choose to sell my game it does not follow that my neighbour has a right to come upon my land and take it, or to pay poachers to do so, which amounts to the same thing. On the other hand, M. d'Esterno scarcely allows due weight to the tremendous power of custom which compels people to give dinners, and to have game as a part of these entertainments. Poachers are more encouraged by the high prices given for fish and game for occasions of that kind than by the regular demand created by genuine gourmandise.

M. d'Esterno thinks that French country gentlemen ought to sell their game, which proves his mental independence of the prejudices of his class, and his good sense. The best preventive of poaching is to make legitimately killed game so cheap and plentiful in the market that the poacher can never be encouraged by the hope of exorbitant prices. But, to achieve this end, the landowner must be protected by the law. Nothing is ever abundant and cheap until it is recognised as property—until it really belongs to

somebody who is encouraged to make the most of it. Now the theory generally held by the French townsman is that when he has paid his *port d'armes*—in other words, when he has paid the sum of one pound sterling for the right to carry a gun and fire it off—he ought as a natural consequence to have the right to go with his gun wherever he will, on your land or my land, and fire his gun off whenever he chooses, and carry away with him the dead bodies of whatever beasts or birds he may have been able to hit. The proprietors rather rebel against this theory, and for the last few years they have got into the habit, at least in the neighbourhood of the towns, of sticking up boards bearing the inscription “Chasse réservée.” Game can never be abundant until it is treated as private property. In point of fact, pheasants and partridges are only a kind of poultry, and their wildness is merely a question of degree. It is absurd to argue that because a pheasant or a hare is wild, anybody has a right to kill it and take it away, when the owner of the soil has provided it with food expressly for the sake of its flesh. A hyæna in a menagerie is a wild animal still, yet it is private property, and no visitor has a right to go and shoot it for his amusement. The special legislation for game has often been atrociously and absurdly vindictive and unjust, but it does not follow that, because the mediæval and feudal notions about game-preserving are condemned by the modern conscience, all the game in a country is to be given over to indiscriminate destruction. And the best way to ensure the utter destruction of anything is to let it be understood that everybody may take it, because then all destroy whilst none preserve. Why not regard game simply as one of the forms of the food harvest, which, as regards the immense majority of the public, in fact it is? The difficulty in France is that you cannot obtain convictions for poaching. If the lawyers, and the respectable classes generally, supported the landowners in their desire to make game abundant, it would become abundant; and if the landowners would get rid of their absurd old feudal prejudice against the sale of game—a prejudice due to a stupid kind of pride—then it would become cheap in the market.

Another point on which the French town-classes require some education of the conscience is their mania for having game in the forbidden season. At official dinners, at dinners given by the very functionaries who ought to set the example of obedience to the law, you find game before the opening day. Fancy dining with an English magistrate and having grouse in July! Five or six anecdotes of this kind are told by M. d'Esterno. We give the substance of them in English:—

1. The 14th March, 1864, M. d'Havrincourt said in open Parliament, “I appeal to the recollection of those here present who are members of General Councils, it is very rare that when the members of General Councils meet at the county towns they do not find game at table during the prohibited season.”

2. I (M. d'Esterno) knew a mayor who limed his river and made his *garde champêtre* hunt for him in the prohibited season.

3. I have known “agents des eaux et forêts” who shot without permission themselves, and gloried in it. They put on the cap belonging to their uniform, which protected them.

4. I know men in official positions who are themselves poachers, who set off every morning to spend a day in shooting over land belonging to people placed under their authority, who take the railway every day *gratis* with their dogs, on pretext of public service.

5. The society of sportsmen of . . . for the suppression of poaching was informed that a great dinner with game was being prepared at the establishment of a certain *restaurateur*. The *procureur impérial* was asked by the Society to make a seizure, which was done. The roasts were found actually before the fire, quails, partridges, pheasants, &c. The *restaurateur* answered that the dinner had been ordered by the President of the Assizes, and therefore the Society declined to prosecute, seeing that it would have been impossible to obtain a verdict.

6. An hotel-keeper at X—sees a poacher come in with six partridges hidden under his blouse. He refuses them, but half an hour afterwards gets an order for a great dinner and sets out in search of the above-mentioned poacher. He finds him at his accustomed wine-shop, and asks for the six partridges. “It is too late,” answers the poacher, “I’m just drinking them now; I’ve sold them to the *procureur impérial*.”

7. At X—, near Paris, a Court was trying a poacher. The President affected to interrogate him with severity. The poacher being a young hand, as yet inexperienced in the delicate matters of his business, answered, “What? don’t you know me? I’m your own purveyor. I sold a hare this very week to your cook.”

8. The ecclesiastics feel obliged sometimes to imitate the civil powers. A certain bishop received a present of a deer from a parish priest. The deer had been killed out of season. The bishop sent half the deer to the prefect, with the following note:—“Let us share the responsibility. Take upon yourself the temporal, I take the spiritual.” The bishop took the spiritual part of the responsibility (whatever that may have amounted to), but he and his friends consumed the material half of the deer’s body.

There is much more to be said about game-preserving in France, especially about fish and wolves, which we have not now touched upon. We hope to recur to these subjects, but conclude for the present by recommending M. d'Esterno’s book as being very witty, and full of excellent sense and reason, though méchant. *Ce n’est pas tout le monde, cependant, qui a le don de cette méchanceté-là.*

ALBERT DÜRER.*

ALBERT DÜRER stands as a central figure in the annals of German art. The spectator who looks upon Rauch’s statue of calm strength in the Dürer Strasse, Nuremberg, or on the Christ-like portrait by the painter himself in the Munich Pinakothek, at once sees that nature framed this man for greatness. It was said of Michael Angelo that he ranked among the profoundest thinkers of his time. And though the journal and poems of his German contemporary cannot win for their author a like encomium, yet it is known to all that the works, and indeed the whole life, of Dürer bear impress of weighty thought, and give signs of a mind profound in emotion and earnest in the struggle after truth. The grand mannerism of the man, his sublime indifference to beauty, his stern and upright life, the independence of his art which he maintained intact to the last from the corruptions then undermining the national school of Germany, command respect. And Dürer, who had been singularly neglected in the literature of our country, has at length been fortunate in a biographer. Mr. W. B. Scott, in unison with his theme, shows a truth-seeking spirit; his narrative is picturesque, his judgments are epigrammatic, his style has somewhat in common with the first manner of Mr. Carlyle, while his art criticisms, though provokingly concise, confess to the hand of a practised painter.

The works of Dürer, though individual and independent, are essentially products of his native land. Through successive generations, from the time of Wilhelm Meister of Cologne, in the thirteenth century, down to the birth of Martin Schoen at Ulm in 1420, of Albert Dürer in Nuremberg in 1471, and of Holbein in Augsburg in 1495, there had grown up in divers cities a strongly-pronounced national art. This art has been variously termed Northern, Teutonic, and Transalpine. It is Northern because of a severe angularity in outline, a certain savageness in aspect, a grandeur and a gloom which it shares with earth and sky when clouds darken the heavens and mists drive through the valleys. It is Teutonic because of a rude vigour, untamed imagination, and fantastic invention—qualities which Northern arts have in common with Northern literatures. And it is Transalpine inasmuch as these traits are the direct contraries of the aspects found south of the Alps—of that ideal beauty, classic form and symmetry, which distinguish the arts of Italy. Mr. Scott brings out forcibly these radical differences in the following passages:—

The difference between Italian and German art is visible in every single work, great or small. The range of the Alps divided the elevated sentiment and the expression of beauty from the realism and individuality pervading even the religion and romance of the Teutonic mind. The causes of this difference are many and various, but the most patent and easy of detection is the inheritance of classic influences in the shape of antique sculpture and architecture. . . . This difference between Ultra and Transmontane art implies corresponding differences in other fields of intellect. Accordingly we find the earlier applications of printing and engraving diverse in Germany and in Italy. All the block-books were pious books, and the first volume printed from types was the Bible; nearly all the early German engravings were in the service of religion. In Italy, the head-quarters of the Church, it was different; Virgil, Terence, Dante, and the romance called “Hyperotomachia” were the works there employing the illustrative art. Moreover this difference must be admitted to have existed in actual life. The Italian artist very generally painted his mistress as the Madonna, and the further south we go we find more “paganism” in the habits of the community and in the manners of the artist.

The oil-pictures of Dürer are comparatively few. “Bust Portrait of a Senator” is the only work by the painter, and that a poor one, in our National Gallery; and though among “National Portraits” exhibited at Kensington seventy were ascribed to Holbein, not a single work bore the name of Dürer. The Galleries of the Continent are more fortunate. Thus we recall in Vienna “The Trinity”; in Florence “The Adoration of the Kings”; in the Old Pinakothek, Munich, especially the “Four Evangelists,” the portraits of Dürer’s master, Wohlgemuth, of his Father, and, lastly, the ever memorable head of the artist himself. Also we may mention that in the Loan Exhibition held in Munich last autumn there turned up the specially fine portrait of Jacob Fugger, which, strange to say, Mr. Scott does not deem worthy of notice. Nuremberg, the artist’s birthplace, is sadly denuded of his pictures, but in the Morizkapelle is the “Ecce Homo,” an impersonation of human agony absolutely painful because not elevated by that divine presence which the Italian artists imparted to pictures of the Passion. To the above list may be added the famous portrait of Holzschuher, the proud possession of the family still resident in Nuremberg. No head displays more markedly the master’s merits and defects; the character is harshly incised by hard lines and the flesh tones are crudely red, but the hair and the fur coat are painted with realistic detail, and the eyes are liquid with clear outlook of intelligence. These works have left on our mind the persuasion that Dürer was never a consummate master of oil-painting, at least as a technical process, and this impression has been confirmed by a re-examination of the noble statuesque figures of the Four Evangelists in the old Pinakothek. These panels, painted at a late period when Dürer had matured his manner first in Venice and then in the Netherlands, are still somewhat clumsy in handling, and heavy and opaque in the management of the pigments. Our observation indeed leads to the conclusion that in colour, touch, and quality, the schools of Nurem-

* *Albert Dürer: his Life and Works, including Autobiographical Papers and Complete Catalogues.* By William B. Scott, Author of “Half-Hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts.” With Six Etchings by the Author, and other Illustrations. London: Longmans & Co. 1869.

berg, of Colmar, and of Upper Germany generally, remained even to the last far behind the perfected practice of Van Eyck and Memling. In this opinion we are confirmed by the judgment of Dr. Waagen. Of course we admit Dürer's command of detail, seen almost to excess in his own portrait, wherein each hair of the head is numbered; we equally concede precision in drawing, accuracy in modelling, and that general mastery over form and expression which every truth-seeking artist makes it a matter of conscience to attain unto. And yet the oil-paintings of Dürer, as compared with early Flemish works in Bruges, in the Boissier collection and elsewhere, are hard, dry, and leathery, as in a less degree are the pictures of Holbein. They are wanting in that depth of transparency, that gem-like lustre, which seem to have been limited to the first discoverers or practitioners of oil-painting. The Venetians alone improved upon the early practice. The explanation of this inherent deficiency in the school of Franconia is not difficult to find. Dürer was by birth an artisan, and while yet a youth he entered the workshop of Wohlgemuth, who, though a true artist, carried on the manufacture of pictures wholesale. Dürer, however, must be judged, not merely as one who handled the brush, but as a man of large mind, endowed with the faculty of creative imagination, who made himself a painter, against his father's will, because he had within him noble thought struggling for utterance.

Dürer's journey to Venice might seem a turning-point for evil or for good. Mr. Scott reminds us that "it was then an easy matter to pass between the two cities" of Nuremberg and Venice, "a weekly communication by post and waggon being regularly established." Dürer entered Venice in 1506, in his thirty-fifth year. Leonardo's "Last Supper" had been finished in Milan nearly ten years before; Michael Angelo's "Cartoon of Pisa" was exhibited in Florence that same year; and a few months later Raffaele had completed "La Belle Jardinière," now in the Louvre, and the "St. Catherine" of our National Gallery. The times were eventful for art. In Mantua Mantegna was dying, than whom no painter in Italy was in style more closely bound to Dürer; and when the stranger from Germany gazed on the statue of Colonne, which then stood, as it now stands, before the Church of S. Giovanni and S. Paolo, he could not but mourn that Verocchio, the master of Leonardo, had been stricken unto death ere he reached the shore of the Adriatic. Dürer, however, did not forget this stalwart equestrian statue when he designed for the engraver the figure of St. George. The times, as we have said, were rife with genius. If some among the great painters of Italy were dead, the greatest of all were living. Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, as we have seen, were in full strength; and then in Venice lived and laboured, as Mr. Scott tells us, "Gian Bellini at the age of eighty, still with several years of work in him; Carpaccio, also advanced in years; Marco Basaiti, who died in 1520; Giorgione, then only twenty-nine; and Titian, the same age." And the very pictures upon which these painters were engaged while Dürer tarried in Italy are seen even to this day in l'Accademia delle Belle Arti, Venezia. Yet this rich store of talent profited Dürer but little. Hordes of Germans, to borrow a simile from Mr. Ruskin, descended like a glacier stream from the north into the sunny gardens of Italy, the land of the vine and the olive; and what was remarkable was that the ice of the glacier refused to thaw—the art of Dürer remained rigid as before. But this was its strength, a strength that implied constraint though vigour. Italy indeed had received from Germany, during the centuries which preceded the classic Renaissance of the cinque cento, more than she could return, at least to a people denied the sense of beauty. Into Italy, along her northern line of latitude stretching across the plains of Lombardy and Venezia, had been imported Teutonic styles of architecture and sculpture, the arts of the Ostrogoths bearing the sword and wearing the iron crown. As often as we enter Venice we recognise in the pictures of the Vivarini and of Carpaccio the severity, the individuality, and the realism which pertain to Transalpine schools; we see how close, much closer than is usually supposed, was the art of painting in Lombardy to the arts of sculpture and of architecture—arts frozen into fantastic forms, the wild life of a rude people petrified into stone. The interchange in fact between Germany and Italy, in commerce, arts, and arms, had been great for many hundred years before the time when Dürer left Nuremberg for Venice. Thus Mr. Scott tells us that "the German residents were numerous, and of all classes; many adventurers, usurers, and knaves, as well as important merchants, whose interests were protected by embassies from Nurnberg and other places, and artists, among whom was living most probably Jacob Walsh," the master of the Caduceus. Dürer was determined, whatever others might do, not to surrender one iota of his nationality. He saw the strength of Germany become weak under the blandishments of Italy and the allurements of the classic Renaissance, and his instinctive conviction that no fellowship could be held between arts generically diverse seems fortified by the failure in our own day of the mongrel school of Christian art in modern Germany. This limitation in the development of Northern arts, if a misfortune, appears established as an historic law. At all events the marks of Italy upon Dürer are slight; not even the figures of the four Apostles, nor the broad symmetric east of drapery in the St. Paul, the noblest products of the Northern schools, can establish beyond doubt the influence of Raffaele. That Dürer and Raffaele never met was a loss to themselves and to posterity, yet there are data to show that each was drawn to the other by affinity of genius. In Vienna is pre-

served to this day a chalk sketch, never surpassed for mastery, which bears, in the handwriting of Dürer, this inscription:—"Raphael of Urbino, greatly esteemed by the Pope, has designed these nude figures, and has sent the same to Albert Dürer at Nuremberg, in order to make him acquainted with his style and handling." In one sense Dürer's glory is his shame; he was great because he was always himself and self-contained, he was small because he could not go out of himself and join fellowship with arts large and unchangeably true. "Verily this man," said Raffaele, "would have surpassed us all had he, as we have, the masterpieces of art always under his eyes."

Dürer was great as a portrait-painter partly because he was unflinchingly faithful, but also because he had a clear insight into character. The heads of Holzschuher and Wohlgemuth, before referred to, are literal in line and careful in modelling as Holbein's portraits. Neither painter had learnt the art of flattery; on the contrary, each settled upon a flaw in feature as if it were an absolute delight to hold up to public gaze the defects of a sitter. And thus the style of these matter-of-fact Germans is wide as the poles asunder from the sycophant pencil of Vandyke, who would translate a burgomaster into a Grand Duke. Dürer could do nothing more than tell the truth, and thus when he painted a portrait of himself he penned his own autobiography, and, as often happens with autobiographies, he divulged rather more than he contemplated. The grandly arched coronal region of the brain, the hair divided on the forehead and falling copiously down to the shoulders, as in the supposed portraits of Christ, tell of a character calm and enduring. There is sorrow in those eyes, as if tears had flowed, but they look steadfastly out upon life, and the mouth settled into melancholy is set with firm resolve. But the general type, though noble, is touched with common nature, especially about the nostrils and the beard. Contrast, too, the awkward hand here depicted, as of a hardworking mechanic, with the tapering fingers and the gracefully curved wrists in Vandyke's aristocratic portraits. Compare, again, the four heads of Dürer, Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and Raffaele in the Florentine Gallery, heads singularly typical, and at once it becomes apparent how distinctive are the differences between the schools of Germany and of Italy. The head of Dürer is not fashioned after the ideal type; the forehead, though large in area, is knobby; its rugged contour has less of the serenity of Italian or classic art than of the vigorous modelling of Gothic sculpture. Mr. Scott gives an etching by his own hand of Dürer's portrait in Munich.

Dürer, as one of the most original thinkers of his time, is best understood, not by his pictures, but by his prints. We shall not attempt to solve the enigma or expound the moral of "Knight and Death," or "Melancholy." There is scarcely anything more sublime even among Italian masters who caught inspiration from Dante. The art of Dürer was dark in mystery and impenetrable in the shadow of the supernatural; the terrors of Hades are not less horrible in his designs than in the frescoes of Orcagna; and so awful are the demons that the devil might have indignantly asked, as recorded in the life of Spinello Aretino, where the painter could have seen him so ugly. Grand in wildest invention as Blake's "Job" is Dürer's "Apocalypse." Doré in his "Wandering Jew" must have looked closely at the masters of Nuremberg and Colmar. Sometimes Dürer strews the field of heaven with stars like flowers, his angels' wings flash as flames of fire, and so wild is his thought that he makes the dove descend as a vulture. Occasionally, indeed, he degrades a sacred theme, as in the vision of St. Francis; and sometimes taste is affronted by the grotesque in place of the beautiful, as in the struggle of death with life which in German art issued in the "Dance of Death." Yet, when we look at Dürer's plates of the Passion, we cannot but admit that the friend of Erasmus and of Melancthon was worthy to design a Bible for the people. Protestantism in Nuremberg has never thought it needful to divorce the arts from religion. And assuredly Dürer, who was a God-serving man, may rank among the most earnest of Christian painters.

Mr. Scott's volume is a valuable addition to our literature, but it may admit of improvement. The authorities used are not always the latest: thus the catalogue of the Munich Gallery quoted is ten years old, though at least two more recent editions exist. The treatment has the unusual fault of being over concise; we can scarcely indeed understand how the author could resist the temptation to discourse more largely on those "Little Masters" a collection whereof he recently placed on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It is fortunate that these defects are not beyond remedy in a second edition.

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And proportionally in regard to subsequent Policies.

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	Number of Life Policies issued, 889.	
Sums Insured thereby.....	£23,213 0 0	
Yielding in New Premiums.....	14,136 12 8	
Invested Funds.....	3,162,784 2 0	
Amount of Life Insurances in force.....	4,450,000 0 0	
The Total Revenue of the Company from all sources, now amounts to.....	231,602 1 2	

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37 Cornhill, London.

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The full and explicit information thus presented has not been given under the compulsion of an Act of Parliament, nor is it volunteered now for the first time to meet the desire for such particulars recently awakened. The Directors have for years past thought it just to the Public and advantageous for this Company to give every one the means of judging of its condition.

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2. The Absolute Sufficiency of the Funds.
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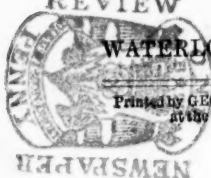
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